A Rose by Any Other Name ~ Part 2

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A Rose by Any Other Name ~ Part 2

by purplesocrates

Summary

Will loves the feeling of Hannibal's teeth grazing his flesh like that. He is longing to feel them sink into him so they can be bonded. He loves and hates that Hannibal is making him wait. Will brings his other hand up to his mouth and takes the rose from it brushing it down his chest. "Mmm how many days left Daddy?"

Will asks Hannibal how many days until they are bonded everyday, and everyday it makes Hannibal smile "come for me and I will tell you." Hannibal watches as Will removes a petal from the rose dropping the rest on the floor, he brushes the petal over the shaft of his cock. This time Hannibal moans remembering Will on his knees with a rose petal in his mouth on Hannibal's cock.

Chapter 1

Hannibal is disturbed from his packing by a quiet knock on his office door. He sighs when he hears it, he had hoped he could slip in and out unnoticed. “Come in.” Hannibal says as he puts the last of his papers in one of cartons. Alana Bloom enters with her usual grace and closes the door behind her with a soft click, she turns to face him and smiles gently.

“Hi.” She says her voice is quiet and she stands with her hands behind her back, she is wearing one of her trademarked wrap-around dresses with her long brown hair swept to one side.

“Miss Bloom.” Hannibal says his eyes meeting hers with genuine affection. “To what do I owe the pleasure?”

She smiles and from behind her back she produces a bottle of red wine, brandishing it she laughs and takes a step towards him, placing the bottle on the seminar table. She fishes out a corkscrew hidden in her bra which makes Hannibal throw his head back and laugh. “Have you got glasses? There was nowhere to hide those.” She says with a grin.

Hannibal smiles and nods, he walks to the now almost empty bookshelves and takes down two water glasses which are next to an empty pitcher. He looks inside the glasses to see if they are dusty but deems them acceptable. Alana is already opening the wine as he reaches her, he places the glasses on the table. “I am afraid it is probably not up to your normal standards but I thought you might appreciate it anyway.” She says as the cork pops out.

“I am sure it will be more than acceptable.” He says evenly, though he has already noted the wine, a mid range cabernet merlot which will probably taste too young but really what does it matter? Alana appreciates the politeness as she finally pours the wine, she hands Hannibal his glass and then picks up hers, they gently clink them.

‘Please take a seat.” Hannibal offers her one of the seminar table chairs, she pulls it out and sits down. Hannibal moves and leans on the edge of his desk facing her. “So.” He says as he sips the wine, he was right it is too young.

“I wanted to ask you to your face. There are so many rumours Hannibal.” Alana places her glass on the table and leans forward, clasping her hands together on the table top. “Is it true this is because of a student?”

Hannibal appreciates her coming to him and asking directly. The rest of the faculty certainly haven’t. Bedelia, of course, has been the very pillar of discretion and has not breathed a word, neither has Miss Katz. They all wanted to protect Will in this above all else. “I am just taking a sabbatical that is all.”

Alana rolls her eyes and then fixes him with a look that says *really?* “At the start of a new year, completely out of the blue.” She says not believing a word Hannibal is saying. “I don’t understand

how the Dean allowed it."

Hannibal smiles serenely "she approved it," he says sipping his wine "a suitable replacement is being looked for and Matthew can handle things for now. There really is no story here."

Alana shakes her head. "That is not true!" She says. "You can trust me Hannibal, you know that. It won't go any further." Alana says, she looks a little hurt as she picks up her glass, sips her wine leaning back in her chair as she crosses her legs.

"I know that and I appreciate it." Hannibal says and he does. "Honestly there is nothing to tell. I need a break and Bedelia was happy for me to take one. The course plan is laid out, Matthew knows it better than anyone, it will be fine." Hannibal had spoken to Bedelia once Will's heat and his rut had ended. There had been much nicer wine than the one he is currently drinking and a lot of talking, but in the end, Hannibal had found it easy to decide. He knew that what he wanted was Will, life before him now seemed not worth fighting for. He needed to make sure Will's name was intact. That was the most important thing.

"Where will you go?" Alana asks.

"Paris." He answers. He plans to go to the apartment and stay there. He has been asked to lecture at the Sorbonne and has articles he needs to write, maybe another book. Will can visit when he needs to. They will bond and marry there too, he just needs to work out the last few details.

"Is it true you are engaged?" Alana asks and Hannibal cannot help the eyebrow raise that happens on his face, unsure how this information came out.

"Where did you hear that?" Hannibal asks.

Alana looks down, brushing the skirt of her dress with her free hand. "Margot may have let something slip."

"Ah." Hannibal smiles as he had put Alana in touch with Margot a few years ago when she needed a dress for a wedding of a mutual colleague of theirs, a very important and rich Alpha. He knew they stayed in touch.

“She assumed I knew.” Alana says leaning forward again. ”She did not confirm or deny and she certainly gave nothing more away. She just asked if I was coming to Paris for the wedding and if I needed a new dress.” Alana’s eyes had widened when she received that email, the only person Margot could have been talking about was Hannibal, he was the only person they had in common.

“I see.” Hannibal takes a moment and then decides that he can trust Alana and it certainly seems that she is going to find out eventually at any rate. “Yes, it is true.”

“Oh my god Hannibal that’s wonderful!” Alana says with a large grin, she is genuinely pleased for him she always worried he would end up alone. She stands up, taking her wine with her and moves closer to him.

“Thank you.” He says and tips his head raising his glass, she clinks her glass against his and they both drink.

“You won’t tell me to who?” Alana asks, she has an idea but she won’t show all her cards just yet.

“I need his privacy to remain intact.” Hannibal says seriously because he does, he wants to protect Will above all else.

Alana smiles “so it is a student.”

Hannibal moves from the desk and walks over to the window, he looks out at the courtyard and sighs. “I never expected it.”

“Is it Will? Will Graham?” Alana asks softly.

Hannibal closes his eyes for a moment and then turns to face Alana “please do not tell anyone.”

Alana walks over to the window “I never would I am not a gossip. I’m just glad you have found someone.” She briefly places her hand on his shoulder “I just wish it was not a student. I am going to miss you around here.”

Hannibal smiles and puts his hand over hers “would you like to come to the wedding?”

Alana beams and smiles widely “I thought you would never ask!”

***

Will is going to be in Hannibal’s bed for real this evening, he snuck away after class and went straight to Hannibal’s home. They still need to be careful but it is a little easier now that Bev and Bedelia both know. He has his own key so lets himself in, he dumps his overnight bag in the hallway, removes his shoes and socks, throws his jacket on a chair by the door before plodding barefoot in just jeans and a white shirt. Hannibal is not home yet and Will knows that when he gets home he will react to the mess of Will’s things in the hallway, Will also knows he will react to his jeans.

Smirking as he makes his way to the kitchen Will opens the fridge and gets out a bottle of white wine Hannibal had left for him he grabs a glass and pours some. There is always food in Hannibal’s fridge and Will is always hungry. He sips the wine while deciding what to make for himself, he is debating which of the deli meats to make a sandwich out of when one of Hannibal’s hands skirt around his waist and under his shirt. Will smiles and leans back into the touch, craning his neck so Hannibal can scent him. “You are letting all the cold out of the fridge.” Hannibal says as he places the large bunch of roses down on the kitchen counter.

Will laughs “I was hungry.” He can smell the roses and he grins.

“You are always hungry.” Hannibal says as he kisses Will’s neck, hands wandering lower. “I was going to cook you dinner.”

Will closes the fridge and turns around in Hannibal’s embrace he still holds the wine glass and he takes a sip from it while Hannibal watches with rapt attention. His fingers making their way under the waistband of Will’s jeans. It is then Hannibal realises. Will laughs and Hannibal pushes his fingers further under. “You do not have underwear on.” Hannibal says a little breathless. He always loves Will in these jeans and this little tease is likely to send him over the edge.

“Keep going you might find something else though.” Will says with a smile as Hannibal pushes his hand down under Will’s jeans to his ass and sure enough there it is the glass rose.

“You are a very naughty omega.” Hannibal purrs as he places a chaste kiss on Will’s lips tasting wine.

“Am I in trouble Daddy?” Will laughs pouting his lips slightly and making Hannibal want to devour him whole.

“You are always in trouble.” Hannibal says, he removes one of his hands from Will’s ass and takes Will’s wineglass placing it on the counter. He leans in and kisses Will deeply “turn around.”

Will smiles, he unbuttons his shirt as he turns around. Hannibal removes it letting it float to the floor before reaching around and undoing the fly of Will’s jeans so he can slip one hand inside to grasp Will’s cock. He gently strokes Will’s shaft as his other hand slips under the back of the jeans and finds the plug, he presses it slightly and Will whimpers leaning back. “Mmm Daddy.”

“Tell Daddy what you want.” Hannibal whispers hotly into the shell of Will’s ear placing a small bite.

Will leans back, arching his neck “I want you to bite me, right here, in your kitchen.”

Hearing those words Hannibal growls into Will’s neck, at times like this Hannibal wonders if his rut ever did end. He pushes Will’s jeans down so they are just under his ass, moaning when he sees that plug nestled so perfectly between Will’s ample cheeks. “Please Alpha.” Will whines as Hannibal scents him again teasing him with those fangs.

“You know I will omega but not here.” Hannibal hotly whispers into Will’s neck. He squeezes both of Will’s ass cheeks with his hands and places a wet kiss just on Will’s scent gland to drive him mad. “I bought you more roses today.” Hannibal says as Will leans back into his touch. “Very expensive roses, the peach ones.” Hannibal is now kissing a trail along Will’s neck and shoulder, Will brings one hand up to Hannibal’s hair feeling the slightly coarse strands through his fingers.

“Mmm thank you Daddy.” Will moans and his eyes roll back in his head as Hannibal’s hands squeeze his ass once more making the plug shift.

Hannibal reaches to the bunch of roses he has placed on the side and takes one of the blooms out so he can run it down Will's chest, Will moans at the velvet softness against his skin. "Do you want to come my sweet?" Hannibal says as he runs the flower over Will's cock and he keens at the sensation.

Will smiles and grinds his ass a little against the touch, he opens his eyes and bites his lower lip pretending to be coy, even though he knew wearing these jeans would drive Hannibal crazy, the moment he would see Will in them this would happen. "Maybe." He leans back and Hannibal lifts his head up from Will's shoulder and captures his lips in a kiss.

"Show me how much you like this." Hannibal says as he brushes the bloom up over the curve of Will's shoulder and then down his back nearing his wonderful ass, his other hand making its way to the plug, twisting and turning it. "Touch yourself for Daddy."

Will whines and smiles, he takes his free hand and wraps it around his cock and begins to move it up and down the shaft. How Hannibal loves to watch Will touch himself, it reminds him of that perfect dream they shared. It feels so good to have him in reality under his grip. Hannibal smiles and kisses the curve of Will's neck. "So hard for me." Hannibal says and runs the bloom along the side of Will's face and across his lips "open up for Daddy." He says and Will complies taking the rose between his teeth as Hannibal runs his hands down Will's thighs under the denim.

Will's breath stutters as he tries to hold the rose in his mouth. He has been turned on with anticipation for most of the day so he knows he won't last long. Especially with Hannibal's hands stroking him and the feeling of Hannibal's cock straining in his suit trousers which Will can feel pressing up against his ass.

"You look beautiful like this." Hannibal says as he bites the flesh of Will's shoulder. He does stood here touching himself holding a rose between those pink lips of his.

Will loves the feeling of Hannibal's teeth grazing his flesh like that. He is longing to feel them sink into him so they can be bonded. He loves and hates that Hannibal is making him wait. Will brings his other hand up to his mouth and takes the rose from it brushing it down his chest. "Mmm how many days left Daddy?"

Will asks Hannibal how many days until they are bonded everyday, and everyday it makes Hannibal smile "come for me and I will tell you." Hannibal watches as Will removes a petal from the rose dropping the rest on the floor, he brushes the petal over the shaft of his cock. This time Hannibal moans remembering Will on his knees with a rose petal in his mouth on Hannibal's cock.

Will begins to move his hand a little faster as Hannibal gently removes the plug and places two fingers inside Will pushing up against his sweet spot. “Fuuccck” Will moans not expecting Hannibal to use his fingers.

“Language or I will make you wait to come.” Hannibal says and places another small kiss on the curve of Will’s shoulder as he moves his fingers gently in and out of his warm, wet hole.

“Sorry Daddy.” Will moans he is so close now, his cock is painfully hard and the soft velvet of the petal feels so wonderful against his sensitive skin. Hannibal brings the plug up to his lips licks it clean as Will watches. The sight is so filthy; Hannibal’s tongue licking obscenely at the juices of the plug, his lips rolling over the top of it. Will cannot help but come hard over his hand as his hole clamps down around Hannibal’s fingers. “Tell me! Tell me how long?” Will cries out as he is overcome with his orgasm.

“Two more weeks my love, two weeks until we are bonded.” Hannibal says as he takes the plug from his mouth, coated in his saliva and slips it back inside Will before devouring him in a kiss.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Hannibal gave him the number and told him money was no object. Will had resisted at first but then Hannibal had kissed him and stroked down his back, biting at the curve of his shoulder, hands wandering lower making Will ache with need and lust in that way only Hannibal could. He had some thoughts, if he admitted it to himself, he'd seen some pictures of some new omegan fashions and been intrigued. Always dressing like a beta male, never really revelling in his omegan side, but Hannibal had made him feel different and he wanted to please his Daddy. He wanted to see that look of lust in Hannibal's eyes. So Hannibal had left him in his study, he was going to make a start on dinner, he had told Will to call.

He sits down at the desk, taking out his phone he dials the number. After what seems like an age a voice answers, smokey and deep. "Hello?"

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy this chapter! More Next Monday!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will takes a deep breath as he stares at his phone. Both Hannibal and Bev have repeatedly told him he needs to do this. He smiles as he remembers how excited Bev was when he told her he was engaged. There had been a lot of jumping and up and down, opening of cheap wine boxes, Will had laughed imagining Hannibal's face if he realised he drank that stuff. Once the celebration calmed down Bev had asked the question Will was avoiding. "Have you told your Dad?" He had not even told his Father he was dating anyone let alone his Professor, let alone someone he shared dreams with and who was in every way his soul bond. So no he hadn't told his Dad.

Now Will is sitting on his bed with his phone in his hand, staring at the contact screen, willing his finger to press the button to connect the call. He needs to do this. He presses the connect button and waits.

"Will?" The voice on the other end as familiar as his own.

“Hey Dad. How are you?” Will says and he cannot help but smile as he imagines his Dad at home. Such a comforting image.

“I am glad you called.” His Father says. “I was going to call you.” Will can hear him sit down on the old creaky porch swing.

“Oh yeah?” Will says, slightly worried as his Dad rarely calls. The reasoning being that he does not like to bother Will. However they both know it is because, as much as they love each other, they are very different people and phone conversations can be hard.

“Wanted to know if you were coming home this break?” His Dad says, Will feels bad as his last break he spent in Paris with Hannibal.

“That’s what I was calling about actually.” Will begins.

“So I can get the crawfish in then?” His Dad says and Will can hear the smile.

“Well, I have some news.” Will says and can hear the intake of breath from his Dad and what he assumes is a beer being drunk. “I have been seeing someone and it’s serious. Very serious.” He pauses to let that information sink in. “He was who I was with for last break actually.”

“He?” His Dad says in a neutral tone. “Is he an alpha?”

Will had hoped his Dad would be alright with this. As an omega Will had always been a bit of a mystery to his Dad who was a beta, his mother was a female presenting omega. All of his father’s friends had the same male/female dynamic. They had never talked about Will’s preferences before, Will had assumed that his Dad had assumed he would end up with a female alpha or maybe a beta. “Yes he is.” Will says with an even tone.

“Hm. Okay.” His Dad says and Will can hear him take another swig of his beer. “I wondered if maybe you and Bev might have ended up together.”

Will sighs but reminds himself that his Dad is not outright rejecting the idea of a male partner for his son, not yet anyway. "No, we are just friends." Will repeats for the thousandth time, this not being the first time his Father has voiced this opinion. "I wasn't expecting to meet Hannibal."

"Hannibal?" His Dad says, somewhat incredulous.

Will sighed and rubbed his face, this is going to be tricky if he has an issue with his name what is his reaction going to be to the rest? *Probably best not to mention the Daddy thing,* Will thinks. "Yeah that's his name, Hannibal Lecter he is originally from Lithuania." A pause as his Dad takes in this information. "He is actually my Professor, well was." A very long pause. "Dad?"

"He is older then?" His Dad says and Will cannot quite make out the tone.

"Yes, not by too much, but yes." Will is not actually sure how old Hannibal is, he should probably find this information out.

"What do you mean he was your Professor?" His Dad says his tone a little guarded now.

"Look, okay, I know it sounds bad but neither of us meant for it to happen." Will lies back on his bed and closes his eyes as he tries to order his thoughts. "That's how we met, he was my Professor and we realised that we had a…" Will thinks how best to word this "a connection."

"A connection?" His Dad repeats.

"Yeah, we had a shared dream." Will says in a rush.

A long pause then "I warned you about that Will."

Will sighs and sits up "I know, I know you did and I understand why but it happened. I didn't mean it to, neither of us did. Hannibal tried to stop it but…"

"But you encouraged it." His Dad finishes for him.

“Well, no, maybe. Anyway, it soon became clear that we were meant to be, so he has left his job. It won’t affect my degree.” Will had felt awful when Hannibal told him but he reassured him that it was for the best.

“What is he going to do?” His Dad’s tone is getting colder by the minute.

“He is going to Paris for a while, he will write and teach at the Sorbonne.” Will had ached to hear it but he also knew that it was for the best. If Hannibal stayed he would distract Will and it would only draw unwanted attention to their relationship.

“Paris?” His Dad says and Will can imagine him rubbing his face in frustration.

“Yes, for a while.” Will says. “I will visit him and he will come back over here. It’s going to be fine.”

“How will you afford that?”

Will takes a deep breath. “You don’t need to worry about it. That’s not just why I called. We are getting married.”

“Married?” His Dad’s tone is definitely incredulous now and Will wishes he had dealt with this better.

Will takes a deep breath and then says. “In Paris, in a few weeks.”

“Let me get this straight.” His Dad says and makes Will wince. “You are marrying this guy after only knowing him for a few months, this man who was your Professor and is also much older than you?” Will’s Dad’s voice is getting louder.

“When you say it like that, yeah, it sounds bad.” Will admits as hearing it in such stark, unromantic terms does make it seem a little strange.

“What about the FBI?” Will’s Dad says, realising what this could mean for his sons career. “They don’t accept bonded omega’s!”

Will knows this, but he also knows that there is no point denying his connection to Hannibal and he will not be happy unless he is with him. The FBI is not his only option. “I know we always said that’s where I wanted to go, but there are other options.”

“Will,” His Dad’s tone calming a little now, “look, I know what it can be like when you meet a soul bond, it’s intense and addictive but please do not lose yourself to this. Do not throw away everything you have worked for.” His Dad does not sound angry just concerned, which is good, but it still irks him that his Dad thinks he is weak and is going to make the same mistakes his Dad did with his Mother.

“I’m not, Dad, trust me. I will finish my degree and then figure the rest out.” Will sighs.

His Dad sighs too “I can’t go to Paris, Will you know that my health is not good.”

Will did know that and he feels bad. “I know and I am sorry but Paris is a special place for us.”

“Will.” His Dad says his tone serious. “Are you happy? Does he treat you well?”

“Yes, I am very happy and he is very good to me.” Will says with a smile as he looks at the vase of expensive roses on his desk.

“Then that is all a Father can ask for.” His Dad says but Will can still sense that worry in his tone.

“We will come and visit soon I promise.” Will says.

“You know where I am Will.”

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Hannibal gave him the number and told him money was no object. Will had resisted at first but then Hannibal had kissed him and stroked down his back, biting at the curve of his shoulder, hands wandering lower making Will ache with need and lust in that way only Hannibal could. He had some thoughts, if he admitted it to himself, he'd seen some pictures of some new omegan fashions and been intrigued. Always dressing like a beta male, never really revelling in his omegan side, but Hannibal had made him feel different and he wanted to please his Daddy. He wanted to see that look of lust in Hannibal's eyes. So Hannibal had left him in his study, he was going to make a start on dinner, he had told Will to call.

He sits down at the desk, taking out his phone he dials the number. After what seems like an age a voice answers, smokey and deep. "Hello?"

"Hi, is that Margot?" Will asks, keeping his voice quiet he still feels strange about this.

"Yes, who is this?" She says and Will smiles.

"It's Will, Hannibal's Will." He says not knowing how else to describe himself. "I don't know if Hannibal told you but we are getting married."

Margot laughs rich and velvety "of course Will! I am so glad you called. I was hoping you would."

"You were?" Will says surprised.

"Of course." Margot says. "I had some ideas but what were you thinking? When are you flying out? I still have your measurements but the sooner I can see you the better."

"In a few weeks and yes I did … I did have some ideas.." Will starts but Margot cuts him off.

"Fantastic! I hope something perhaps a bit different? To accentuate the omegan in you?" Margot says and Will blushes.

“Actually yes, but I haven’t ever really explored anything like that.” He says feeling a little foolish.

“You are beautiful and you know Hannibal thinks so. You only get married once dear boy you want it to be special!” She says, her voice bright and Will cannot help but smile as his stomach starts to fill with butterflies at the excitement of their wedding. “I have some ideas too, some designs you may not have seen. Why don’t you send me what you are thinking first and then we can discuss.”

Will smiles widely. “Perfect.”

***

Hannibal strokes his hand up and down the slick curve of Will’s ass, rose petals are sticking to the wet skin and he is leaving damp patches on the silk sheets.

“Mmmm Daddy.” Will moans as he leans his ass back hoping that Hannibal will finally fill him up with his cock and then his knot. He also knows Hannibal likes to tease and play. He feels desperate, almost as bad as when he was in heat. “Daddy I need you.” He whines and Hannibal smiles.

“My perfect omega writhing in his Daddy’s bed.” Hannibal says appreciatively, how he loves to praise his boy.

“Yes Daddy.” Will moans.

Hannibal is enjoying the heat of Will’s skin beneath him, hot sweat and slick beneath his hands as they glide over pale supple skin. He takes both of Will’s hips in his hands pulling them towards him, he brushes the length of his cock against Will’s sensitive hole but does not enter him. “Did you call Margot?” Hannibal asks as he slides one of his hands from Will’s ass on to his own cock and gently strokes it. Will moans and leans back, he needs more than Hannibal is giving him.

“Yes.” Will moans breathless, his fists balled tightly in the sheets, head lolling forward.

“Good boy. You will look so pretty for Daddy.” Hannibal says as he strokes himself once more, holding Will in place. “Daddy wants to spill his cum on your pretty ass before he knots you.”

Will groans “yes, please.” He says and presents his ass higher, leaning back.

“Stay still for Daddy.” Hannibal says and Will moans but does as he is asked as the grip on his hips tightens. Looking at Will’s wonderful body Hannibal strokes himself admiring the arch of Will’s back, the beautiful sheen of his skin, his undulating muscles, his hole begging to be filled, cock leaking precum, untouched and painfully hard. “You are so beautiful!” Hannibal moans as he starts to come loudly over Will’s ass. Will can feel the hot stripes of cum as they land on his skin and he whimpers.

“Please Daddy, please, let me have your knot!” Will moans loudly and Hannibal smiles stroking the cum over Will’s ass adding to the slick wetness already there. Will gasps as Hannibal gently lines up his cock and pushes just the tip inside.

“So tight and wet for me omega.” Hannibal purrs as he sinks further inside. Will moans as he is finally filled. Hannibal moves Will’s hips back and forth so Will is fucking himself on Hannibal’s cock at a pace of Hannibal’s choosing, Will completely under Hannibal’s control. “Does Daddy’s cock feel good omega?”

Will moans loudly, verging on a keen, as Hannibal moves him at faster speed “yes! Oh yes Daddy!”

He picks up the pace and fucks into Will with hard thrusts. Will comes loudly and Hannibal can feel his muscles tighten around his cock and he cannot help but come at the same time as his boy. Feeling his knot begin to inflate almost painfully Hannibal grabs both of Will’s hips and pushes his knot inside. Will shouts loudly at the intrusion but is soon coming again. They both collapse and Hannibal smiles, kissing the curve of Will’s shoulder.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos smell like the rose petal Hannibal strokes along Will's back and comments are Margot's sultry voice as she imagines all the things she can dress Will in for his wedding day.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Will looks at Hannibal and realises they can keep very little from each other and when they are bonded it will be even less. “I worry about ending up like my parents.” Will says and Hannibal looks at him as if everything is falling into place.

“They were soul bonds.” Hannibal says and realises Will avoided the question the last time he asked. “You said you didn’t know.”

Will bites his lower lip and looks down “I’m sorry, I don’t like talking about it.”

Hannibal moves so he is covering Will’s body with his own he strokes a hand down Will’s face and through his hair. “I would never leave you.” Hannibal says as he looks directly at Will. “I never could.”

Chapter Notes

Look I can update from my memory foam nest! I have had my op and am healing up nicely so we are on schedule. Enjoy xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Are you alright my love?” Hannibal and Will are led spooned together in bed, Hannibal’s knot finally deflated. Hannibal strokes a rose petal down Will’s side and he can feel the heat of him through the delicate velvet of the petal.

“I spoke to my Dad.” Will says as Hannibal’s hand stops on the curve of his ass and he kisses Will’s shoulder before wrapping an arm around Will pulling him closer, Will moves so he is led on his back looking up at Hannibal.

“What did he say?” Hannibal says as he looks down at his boy.

“He was worried but he said if I was happy then that’s all that matters.” Will looks up at Hannibal and smiles.

“Are you worried?” Hannibal says softly.

Will thinks for a moment “no” he says but he looks away as he says it.

“Omega do not lie to me.” Hannibal says and kisses the curve of Will’s shoulder. “What are you worried about?”

Will looks at Hannibal and realises they can keep very little from each other and when they are bonded it will be even less. “I worry about ending up like my parents.” Will says and Hannibal looks at him as if everything is falling into place.

“They were soul bonds.” Hannibal says and realises Will avoided the question the last time he asked. “You said you didn’t know.”

Will bites his lower lip and looks down “I’m sorry, I don’t like talking about it.”

Hannibal moves so he is covering Will’s body with his own he strokes a hand down Will’s face and through his hair. “I would never leave you.” Hannibal says as he looks directly at Will. “I never could.”

Will smiles and places his hands on Hannibal’s lower back feeling the heat of him “I know.” He says and Will does know, even before they are bonded they are meant to be. “I worry that I might end up feeling like I…” Will cannot form the words, what his Father said echoes around his head as much as he does not want it to.

“Will, tell me what your Dad said that has you worried.” Hannibal says and kisses Will’s forehead.

“He said that I might be throwing my career away by marrying you.” Will whispers this as he feels guilty about even being upset by his Dad’s words, but something in him worries that maybe he was right, that if he could not get into the FBI he would blame Hannibal.

“The FBI?” Hannibal says.

“Yes.” Will says looking down.

Hannibal moves one of his hands to Will’s chin and gently moves his head up so they are looking at each other. “If you want to apply for the FBI you can. We can wait, not marry and not bond.”

Will stares at Hannibal a little incredulous that he would even suggest it. “You would delay for me?”

Hannibal smiles “ I would do anything for you.”

“Do you want to delay?” Will asks a little scared of the answer.

“Will.” Hannibal says as he strokes the side of his face again and kisses his forehead. “What do *you* want?”

Will sighs and briefly closes his eyes “I want you. The FBI won’t accept married, bonded omega’s but I don’t want to not be with you.” Will’s eyes are glassy now as Hannibal leans down and gently kisses the tears away.

“My sweet omega.” Hannibal says. “I would never stand in your way. We have time we can see if we can work something out.”

Will looks up at Hannibal and smiles his eyes are still teary but he feels better. “Like what?”

Hannibal smiles gently “I don’t know, I just know that I love you. If you need some more time to think about things then I will wait.”

Will frowns and his heart hurts at the thought of not being with Hannibal “no, I don’t need more time I just need you.”

Hannibal smiles “then we shall cross the FBI bridge when we come to it.” Hannibal says and kisses Will on his forehead. “Are you happy?”

Will smiles and reaches up with his hand to pull Hannibal closer to him, their foreheads touching “deliriously so.”

“Good.” Hannibal says and kisses Will again. “Was your Dad surprised you were with a man?”

Will smiles and nods “a little. We never discussed it growing up.”

Hannibal strokes Will’s face again. “Are you surprised you are with a man?”

Will smiles and shakes his head “I am surprised it was you, my Professor, but no. You cannot help you fall for right?”

Hannibal laughs “no, you really can’t.” He strokes a gentle hand down the side of Will’s face “do you want me to meet him? Your Father?”

Will thinks for a moment “yes of course, he is not well enough to come to the wedding but perhaps after.”

“I would like that.” Hannibal says kissing Will’s forehead. “I will do everything to make you happy Will, anything you ever need.”

“I know Daddy.” Will says stroking his hands up Hannibal’s back and wriggling slightly making Hannibal smile.

“You are incorrigible.” Hannibal says and kisses Will’s forehead, he can feel Will’s cock getting hard again against his thigh.

Will bites his lip and makes his best innocent face “what is Daddy going to do about it?”

Hannibal laughs and bites Will’s shoulder “such a horny boy.”

Will keens as those teeth gently push into the flesh of his shoulder “mmm, yes Daddy, just for you.”

Hannibal can feel his own arousal trying to stir again and he groans as it is almost painful in the best possible way. “Do you want Daddy to suck you?”

Will moans and nods “yes please.”

Hannibal begins to kiss his way down Will’s chest as he wriggles and moans “stay still omega, let Daddy make you feel good.” Will’s hands fist the sheets as Hannibal makes his way lower and lower down Will’s chest. He finds each sweet pink nipple, sucking and biting at the nub. He kisses and licks his way down the centre of Will’s chest, leaving a trail of love bites that make Will moan. By the time Hannibal gets to Will’s cock it is leaking and twitching with arousal. “Mmm, omega you are dripping.” Hannibal licks a drop of precum from the tip of Will’s cock, the sight and feel of the tip of Hannibal’s tongue on his cock makes Will whine with need. Placing his hands gently on Will’s hips to steady him Hannibal kisses all around the shaft of Will’s cock making him roll his eyes back in his head and grip the sheets even tighter. “Please Daddy!” He moans.

Torturing his boy is always enjoyable but Hannibal decides to put him out of his misery, taking him into the warm cavern of his mouth. He sucks and swirls his tongue around Will’s cock tasting the salt and sweetness of him. Keeping a firm grip on his hips as Will tries to buck up against Hannibal chasing release. Hannibal takes his time, long slow sucks, moving his lips up and down the shaft of Will’s cock. Will keens and Hannibal can see there is slick leaking from his hole as he gets ever closer to orgasm.

Hannibal removes one of his hands from Will’s slender hip so he can push a finger inside his slick hole. This makes Will shout out in pleasure as Hannibal continues his slow torturous pace taking his time. He pushes another finger inside and begins to fuck and suck Will slowly as he moans and wriggles beneath him. It does not take too much longer until Will comes loudly down Hannibal’s throat. Hannibal removes his mouth from Will’s cock and then grips his hips once more before licking and sucking at his hole. He can feel the slick as it leaves Will, hot and thick coating his mouth. Will orgasms again and Hannibal keeps going until his boy has passed out into a blissed out sleep.

***

Hannibal is having Jack Crawford over for dinner. He had promised a dinner to him for a while and this seemed like the perfect opportunity before Hannibal leaves for Paris. He has packed up his office and some of the things he is going to take to with him but he has most of what he needs already there. He has spent the day preparing the meal and each course is paired with a different wine. He has known Jack for many years they met when Hannibal was doing more profiling and he has made a few recommendations to him of graduates he could take into the academy. The ones he suggests always do well. Jack has a lot of respect for Hannibal so he is hoping he can use this to Will's advantage.

Jack arrives exactly on time and Hannibal answers the door "Jack, please come in." He says and Jack smiles and walks in, Hannibal takes his coat and hangs it up by the door.

"Hannibal, how are you?" Jack says as he follows him through to the kitchen.

"I am very well and you?" Hannibal says as they arrive in the kitchen. "Would you like a glass of wine?"

Jack nodded a yes "I am well, busy." He says. "I am glad you asked me over."

Hannibal smiles as he pours the wine he assumes Jack has heard of his leaving the university. "I thought you may have heard my news." Hannibal says as he hands Jack a glass of wine.

"Indeed I have." Jack says taking the glass and smelling the red wine approvingly.

"Let us go through and start with the first course I can fill you in on everything." Hannibal says smoothly and they make their way to the dining room. Hannibal brings the first course in and they begin to eat.

"So what has been going on?" Jack asks he has heard many rumours. "Chilton is lurking around hoping to fill your large shoes."

Hannibal laughs unsurprised “is he?”

Jack nods “yes but I doubt he will get very far.”

“He will try, nonetheless, I am sure.” Hannibal says as he sips his wine.

“You do not seem concerned about it.” Jack says taking a bite of the terrine.

Hannibal carefully places his glass down and looks at Jack. “I have found myself singularly distracted.”

“There are many rumours.” Jack says though he is not sure he believes any of them. Dean Du Maurier had been tight lipped about it and Chilton’s, who rarely knows what’s happening at the best of times, theory of Hannibal having an affair with a student seemed more than a little far fetched to Jack. “I am not sure I believe any of them.”

“That is why I thought it best to discuss it in person.” Hannibal says. “I am leaving for Paris in a few weeks and plan to spend most of the coming year there if not longer.”

Jack reaches for his wine. “It comes as a shock I am not going to lie.”

“For me too.” Hannibal admits. “I never expected to meet someone, I never expected Will Graham.”

At the mention of Will’s name, Jack’s eyes widen “Will Graham.” His tone is guarded as Jack slowly looks up at Hannibal. “You and he are together?”

Hannibal nodded and softly smiles “I know it comes as a surprise, it did to Will and I. Neither of us expected it. We are soul bonds.”

Jack looks up at the ceiling and drops his cutlery. “Soul bonds!” He says looking once again at Hannibal. “Have you bonded with him yet?”

Hannibal shakes his head “no, not yet but we plan to. We are engaged.”

Jack puts his napkin on the table and stands up, he starts to walk around the room, one hand on his hip and one frustratingly rubbing the top of his head. “Engaged?” Jack stops pacing and looks at Hannibal.

“Yes.” Hannibal simply says not moving just letting this information sink in.

Jack resumes his pacing “I would have expected this from Chilton, but from you Hannibal?!” He stops again and looks at Hannibal who has a small smile on his face at the thought of being compared to Chilton. It had crossed his mind too and he remembers his lie to Bedelia.

“As I said neither of us expected it.” Hannibal tilts his head slightly in concession. “I admit to feeling a small amount of, shall we say, embarrassment of a possible comparison to Chilton, before I realised that this was something neither Will or I could control.” Hannibal pauses before continuing he smiles as he thinks of Will. “Or want to control. I love him. This is not some passing infatuation.”

Jack puffs out a breath of frustrated air at that, “love!” He turns to face Hannibal. “He is much younger than you Hannibal.”

“He is. He is also older than his years in many ways.” Hannibal says thinking he sounds like Chilton right now and frowns. He is not explaining this well. “We have a connection.”

“He has a promising career ahead in the FBI we have had our eye on him for months! You knew that!” Jack says and leans on the end of the table with both of his hands. “How did this happen?”

Hannibal sighs “please sit down Jack and I can explain.”

Jack bows his head and sighs but does stand up straight, walk back to his seat and sits down, reaching out for his wine he takes a large sip. “Okay.” Jack says and looks at Hannibal who smiles and nods his head in thanks.

“We began having shared dreams that is how I knew things between us were serious.” Hannibal had debated telling Jack this piece of information as it is only Bedelia who knows it. Perhaps Miss Katz as she knows about them but Will has not mentioned if he told her the full details. Hannibal had decided to mention it because he felt it showed this was more than a passing infatuation for both of them. Hannibal stands and pours Jack another glass of wine before refilling his own and re-taking his seat. “It was beyond my control at that point. You know me Jack I am not a frivolous man. I would not give up my life here for just a passing fancy.”

Jack takes grateful sip of his wine and nods placing the glass back down. “That is true but I have also seen many an alpha lose himself to a tempting omega.”

Hannibal takes a deep breath as he tries to control his reaction to Jack referring to Will in that manner, he is not going to help his case if he flies off the handle. “You think Will is the sort of person who would trap me? Or that I would allow myself to be trapped?”

Jack shakes his head and sighs, he looks up at Hannibal “no, no he is not and you are not. I am as surprised about him as I am about you. He always seemed so focused.”

Hannibal smiles and leans forward a little “he is. He does not know I am talking to you either and he would be mortified if he knew. He wants to earn things on his own merit. He is not the sort of omega who wants to rely on his alpha for everything. He has every intention of finishing his degree and I have no doubt he will do so at the highest of standards.” Hannibal is sure once he is out of the equation and Will is allowed a little more space he can concentrate on his studies once more and not be distracted by Hannibal. They can have their time, yes they will miss each other, but it is better than the alternative. “I wanted you to know before we were married or bonded because it is important to me that Will’s career not be affected by our relationship.” Jack begins to speak but Hannibal holds up his hand to stop him. Jack sighs again and allows Hannibal to continue. “I know the policy about bonded omega’s. I understand that because of the dangers of the job it is hard to control the reactions of their alpha partners. I know the psychology behind it well.” Hannibal says as he watches Jack take another sip from his wine glass. “However I was hoping that an exception could be made for Will as you know me and can trust me. Will is very talented and would be a great addition to the FBI.”

Jack places his wine glass down with care and looks up at Hannibal, he has calmed down somewhat now, and looks at Hannibal with a small amount of sympathy. “I cannot make exceptions Hannibal you know that. If I make an exception for Will then what about all the others in the same boat who want a place?”

Hannibal knew Jack would say that but to hear it still makes him feel awful. He knows that Will was destined for a great career in the FBI before he met Hannibal and he hates that he is going to stand in the way of that. "I know that and I understand Jack. I just wonder if we could work something out? Perhaps he could be a profiler in an unofficial capacity? A kind of consultant."

Jack goes to speak but stops himself and allows a moment to think about the suggestion before he shakes his head "he is too young and he still needs to do the training, he would need to know how to handle himself."

"He could still complete the training couldn't he? Then consult, perhaps teach?" Hannibal says they both know Will is expected to graduate early and is well ahead of his class. The FBI were going to try and snap him up within a year at the earliest. "You wanted him to graduate early anyway." Hannibal says.

Jack concedes the point and nods "yes but to complete extensive training. He will not be fast tracked through the FBI training, it is too important. We wanted him to potentially be a field agent. Even if he consults he would most likely be in the field, are you telling me you would be alright with that?"

Hannibal takes a sip of his wine before placing his glass carefully back down and meeting Jack's eyes head on "I would have to be. I want Will to do whatever makes him happy. I would feel concern for him of course but I do not want our relationship to stop him from doing what he was meant to do. He is a talented profiler, we both know that, it would be a significant loss to the FBI if you did not take him."

Jack sighs and leans back in his chair "yes it would."

Hannibal smiles "we have time before he graduates. At least think about it? Let me be able to tell him that it is a possibility?"

Jack laughs knowing he is beaten and nods "alright yes, I will look into it."

Chapter End Notes

Comments are the way Will's eyes roll back in his head as he passes out in bliss, kudos is the damp rose petal...

More next Monday (warning for some angst coming.)

xxxx

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

> “You did what?!” Will is fuming his skin is flushed red and not in the way Hannibal usually likes to see it. He is gripping onto the back of the couch in Hannibal’s lounge so hard the whites of his knuckles are showing.
>
> “I was trying to help.” Hannibal says distinctly unhelpfully.
>
> Will scowls at him then, a look that would usually arouse, but at this moment makes Hannibal feel as if a pit has opened up inside him. They have never argued before, not like this, and Hannibal finds he really does not like it. “Help how?” Will’s voice has now become a strange flat monotone, none of that soft drawl that Hannibal adores. “I may call you Daddy but you are not my Father.”

Chapter Notes

> Sorry for the delay! Was feeling unwell this morning.
>
> Warning for angst!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Hannibal stands up then and approaches the couch “Will, I know that. My intention was not to upset you, it was, in fact, the opposite.” He moves behind the couch and stands next to Will gently covering one of Will’s hands with his own. “I was trying to help.”

Will is silent for a moment before pushing himself off the couch, he paces up and down the other side of the room as Hannibal watches, helpless. “Helping by making me look pathetic?! A pathetic omega who has to get his Alpha to get him into the FBI?! It just confirms the policy. They don’t want bonded omega’s because their alpha’s interfere!”

Hannibal sighs and leans over the couch “Will, let me explain what I said.”

“It doesn’t matter!” Will stops pacing and turns on his heels to face Hannibal. “It makes me look pathetic!”

Hannibal sighs “no, no it doesn’t.” He is trying to keep his voice calm and level but there is a fear rising in him like a wave about to crash and drown him. “I have known Jack Crawford for years and he respects my opinion. I have recommended many successful candidates to him in the past.”

“Were you sleeping with any of them?!” Will shouts and now it is Hannibal’s turn to be angry, that fear feeling hot, tingling as it creeps up the back of his neck.

“No.” He says straightening up. “You are well aware of that.”

“Am I?” Will says flinging his arms around and pacing again. “How do I know how many Anthony’s there were before me?! How do I know how many little omega’s you took to Paris and fucked in our bed?!”

Hannibal pinches the bridge of his nose and takes a deep breath “You can trust me Will, you know you can. I have been nothing but honest with you.” He wishes he was handling this better, he wishes he had done all of this differently. All he wants is his boy back in his arms, he feels desperate as if that wave has crashed on him and he’s thrashing in the wake trying to find which way is up.

“Until now!” Will says and stops his pacing. “You didn’t ask me. You said we would talk about it but instead you just went ahead and took over, assuming I would be fine with it! Like you did

when you assumed I did not want to be with you! You never ask me what I want!"

Hannibal takes a deep breath and realises that perhaps Will is right he has a tendency to assume he knows best. They had talked but agreed to wait but he couldn't leave it, he couldn't leave for Paris without trying. He wanted to marry Will with a clean conscious. Now he just feels like a fool. He knew Will would react like this and he had decided not to tell him, but the moment Will arrived and stood in front of him Hannibal found he could not lie to those blue eyes. Hannibal takes another deep breath and tries not to imagine sea water rushing into his lungs. "What *do* you want?"

Will stares at Hannibal, his hands fisted at his side. "If I get into the FBI I want it to be on my own merit not because you are friends with Jack bloody Crawford."

Hannibal feels frustration coil in his stomach. He wishes that Will could see himself the way he sees him. A strong, intelligent and talented omega. He deserves the best. Everything Hannibal did was because he wants Will to succeed, to be happy. "You will." Hannibal can hear the soft desperation in his voice now he is powerless to stop. "It's not like I had to convince him! He has wanted you for the last few months! Long before we met! You must know that!"

"How do I know that?" Will says his voice has changed from monotone to a little cracked now and Hannibal can see he has tears in his eyes. "How will I ever know for sure now?"

Hannibal moves towards him slowly, he needs to bridge this distance. Will does not move but his eyes follow Hannibal as he gets closer to Will and gently takes his hands in his. "Talk to me, tell me what you are feeling?" Hannibal says he knows this upset goes deeper but he needs Will to say it so they can fix it together.

"You know what I am feeling! I am pissed Hannibal." Will says looking directly at him and snatching his hands away, he walks away from Hannibal and stares at one of the paintings on the wall. Hannibal feels that pit open wider as he is not sure Will has ever called him by his first name before. It feels like a wound, his own name suddenly weaponised.

Hannibal takes a deep breath and looks at Will's back, he can see all the tension in his body, coiled like a spring. "I am sorry." Hannibal says hoping those three simple words will carry the weight he needs them too. He needs Will to understand, he needs his forgiveness.

After a pause that seems like an eternity Will turns and faces Hannibal. His expression is unreadable to Hannibal which is rare and it makes Hannibal feel that hot panic rise like bile in his throat. Will always wears his emotions so openly on his face, it is one of the things Hannibal loves most about him. “Are you?” Will says and it feels like a knife to the gut. That tone again, cold and distant, Hannibal prefers the shouting at this point.

Hannibal takes a step towards him but is stopped from getting any closer by the look on Will’s face, one of thunder and rage. All Hannibal can do is try to be as open and honest as he can so he simply says “yes.” So much hope contained in one small word.

“I am not sure that’s enough.” Will says and looks down briefly. “You realise I was doing fine before you. I do not need you.”

Hannibal is wounded by those words because he needs Will, he needs Will like air. “ *I* need you.”

Will looks at Hannibal then and can see the pain beginning to etch on his face, he looks small all of a sudden and something in Will softens. “I...I just meant I don’t need you to fix all my problems.” Hannibal takes another small step forward he will edge ever closer for as long as it takes. He will reach his boy. Will’s expression softens slightly, his voice a whisper. “I have been doing fine on my own.”

“I know that.” Hannibal says and he is well aware of how hard Will worked to get here, long hours at the boatyards followed by long hours studying. He knows that Will has fought tooth and nail against any low expectations of him. “I know.” Hannibal repeats and moves a little closer.

Will sighs and looks up at the ceiling before meeting Hannibal’s eyes. “You doing this behind my back it makes me feel…” Will thinks the word before he says it and Hannibal can almost hear it just before it leaves Will’s mouth in a rushed whisper “weak.”

Hannibal moves closer and risks Will’s wrath by taking his hand again “I have never thought of you as weak.” Will looks down at Hannibal’s hands and frowns, he looks up and bites his lip as tears begin to form in his eyes.

“I don’t want to get upset.” Will says, but it is too late as the tears have escaped his eyes and are running down his cheeks now. Hannibal allows him a moment and then leads him to the couch and they both sit down, relief beginning to spread through him at being closer to his love.

“What is this about?” Hannibal softly whispers as he brings Will into an embrace. They are close again and he just needs to keep Will here in his arms and then everything will be okay. He takes yet another deep breath, willing himself to push that panic away, breathing in Will’s familiar comforting scent, the weight of him, the warmth of him.

Will takes a few deep breaths too, finding the words he needs. Hannibal listens to every sacred word spoken. “My whole life everyone has expected me to fail.” Will’s words are spoken softly but they hold so much pain it makes Hannibal’s eyes fill with tears, he will not wipe them away his arms will not leave his boy. “My Father was less than pleased when I presented as an omega, he assumed I would end up marrying a beta or maybe an alpha who would just take care of me. He was always intimidated by my intelligence he never understood it.” Hannibal strokes Will’s hair as he speaks, he understands this feeling, this need to prove people wrong, to stand on your own. “When I met you I knew you were everything I should avoid but I also knew I had to have you. It was like that with college and my career if someone tells me I can’t do something I need to prove them wrong.” Will sighs and moves so he can look at Hannibal. “I guess I never had anyone look out for me before.”

Hannibal’s heart breaks to see Will with tears streaming down his face, he has never looked this vulnerable before, never looked so small, but he also looks beautiful and he takes Hannibal’s breath away. “Will.” He says as he wipes the tears away with his thumbs, gently holding Will’s face in his hands like a precious jewel. “I will always be here for you. I will always support you. I will also never diminish you.” Hannibal says and he never could, how could anyone want to do anything but hold this creature up to the light and admire him? “I love you Will.”

Will sighs and looks at Hannibal, he wants to give in, he wants to let Hannibal kiss him, take him upstairs and give him everything, but his Father’s words echo in his head *don’t lose yourself.* “I think I need some time. I will stay at mine tonight.”

Hannibal wants to protest but the words fail on his lips as Will gently squeezes his hands and then gathers his things before quietly leaving the room.

***

The wedding is small. It is just Hannibal, Will and a few guests. They are getting married in a small registry office with stained glass windows and a large beautiful old staircase, period tiles on the floors. It is perfect in every way. They are all gathered in one of the smaller rooms. It is just Alana, Margot, Bev, Bedelia, Jack and Bella. They are sat together in one semi circle around the small raised platform where Hannibal is currently stood adjusting his tie while Margot tsk’s him.

He is wearing a custom made grey charcoal suit with a slight peach plaid, a pinky peach tie and a crisp white shirt his pocket square matches his tie. He has handmade italian brogues and his hair is slicked back from his face. He looks distinguished, at least he would if he would stop twitching and checking his watch.

The Parisien registrar who is marrying them is dressed rather soberly all in black, she is a small woman and Hannibal towers over her. She is clutching her black leather file folder as if it contains the elixir for life. Margot keeps leaning over and telling Hannibal to relax he is scaring people. Alana smiles and puts her hand on Margot's knee to let her know she is making him worse. There is a string quartet playing polite music in the corner. There are roses everywhere. On every chair, petals strewn on the floor and an arch of peach roses where Hannibal stands. The whole room is filled with their aroma. There are also a few candles burning in large glass tubes on the floor. The lights have been turned down low and the afternoon sunlight filters in from the stained glass creating patterns on the tiles.

Everything is perfect. It is exactly as Hannibal wanted. There is vintage champagne on ice in the next room, canapes waiting on silver trays to be dispensed by immaculately dressed serving staff. Hannibal and Will plan to stay for a brief toast and some pictures, then he will whisk Will away so they can bond back at the apartment. Hannibal had the apartment filled with roses too and there is pink champagne waiting for them on the balcony. Everything is set. He just needs Will.

As if conjured from his thoughts the music changes to announce Will's arrival, the guests stand and the doors are opened to reveal Will. He is dressed in the palest of peach, a suit made perfectly for him, lapels and buttons are a soft off white lace, his shirt matches the suit and his tie is a crisp white. His hair has just the perfect amount of curls and it falls partly over his face, his eyes are sparkling and he holds a bouquet of peach roses. Hannibal feels as if he can barely breathe at the sight of him. The guests also gasp at how stunning he looks. He slowly walks down towards Hannibal rose petals gently crushed beneath his feet the fragrance wafting up through the room. The doors are softly closed behind him.

Will smiles as he reaches Hannibal and they are both too overcome to say anything at first. He gives his bouquet to Bev who takes it and they all sit down. Hannibal takes Will's hands in his and he can feel them shaking, he smiles and quietly whispers "you look beautiful." Will smiles and takes a deep breath.

The registrar begins, she speaks in French and they can hear Margot whispering to Bev and Alana what she is saying. She turns to Hannibal first and asks for his vows. Still holding Will's hands he begins to speak. Will squeezes Hannibal's hands hard and bites his lower lip there are tears in his eyes and they do not look like tears of joy. Hannibal stops and gently asks him if he is okay. Will looks up at Hannibal and then at the registrar then back at Hannibal. "I can't, I can't I am so sorry." He drops Hannibal's hands and takes a step down from the platform. Hannibal reaches out to take Will's hand but Will does not turn he keeps walking away. Paralysed, Hannibal cannot seem to get

his feet to move. He hears a whimpered cry which he realises is from his own lips as Margot and Alana stand up to comfort him. Bev runs after Will dropping Will's bouquet on the floor. As Will reaches the door Hannibal manages to shout Will's name and he pauses just for a second, his hand hovers over the door handle but then Will opens it and leaves. Not even looking behind him.

Hannibal wakes up drenched in a cold sweat, shivering with tears streaming down his face. He flings the bed covers off himself and manages to swing his legs over the side of the bed and turn the lamp on. He gropes for the glass of water he keeps by his bed and downs it all. He takes deep breaths and tries to calm himself. He knows logically that he is having a panic attack, that it was just a dream, his heart is beating a mile a minute and he cannot catch his breath. He feels both cold and too hot at the same time. He places the empty glass back down on the nightstand and wills his legs to stop shaking. He closes his eyes but all he can see is the back of Will walking away from him.

He opens his eyes again and gasps as a fresh wave of panicked tears take him. He is shivering quite violently now and he knows if he does not calm down soon he will pass out. He knows the breathing technique he needs to do, so he focuses on that, counting out the numbers in his head. He stares at his feet and wills his whole body to calm down. He grabs the duvet and wraps it around his shoulders to try and stop himself from shaking. This will pass, he thinks, this will pass. He can remember every moment of the dream like it is etched on his memory, it was so real. He wonders if that was Will in the dream, whether he wanted that to happen and he feels a fresh round of panic in his chest. He hears a strangled cry leave his lips. He needs to breathe.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry! All will be alright though I promise!

kudos are the tears in Will's eyes that make him look far more beautiful than they should, comments are Hannibal's wishes that he could do it all over again.

Chapter 5

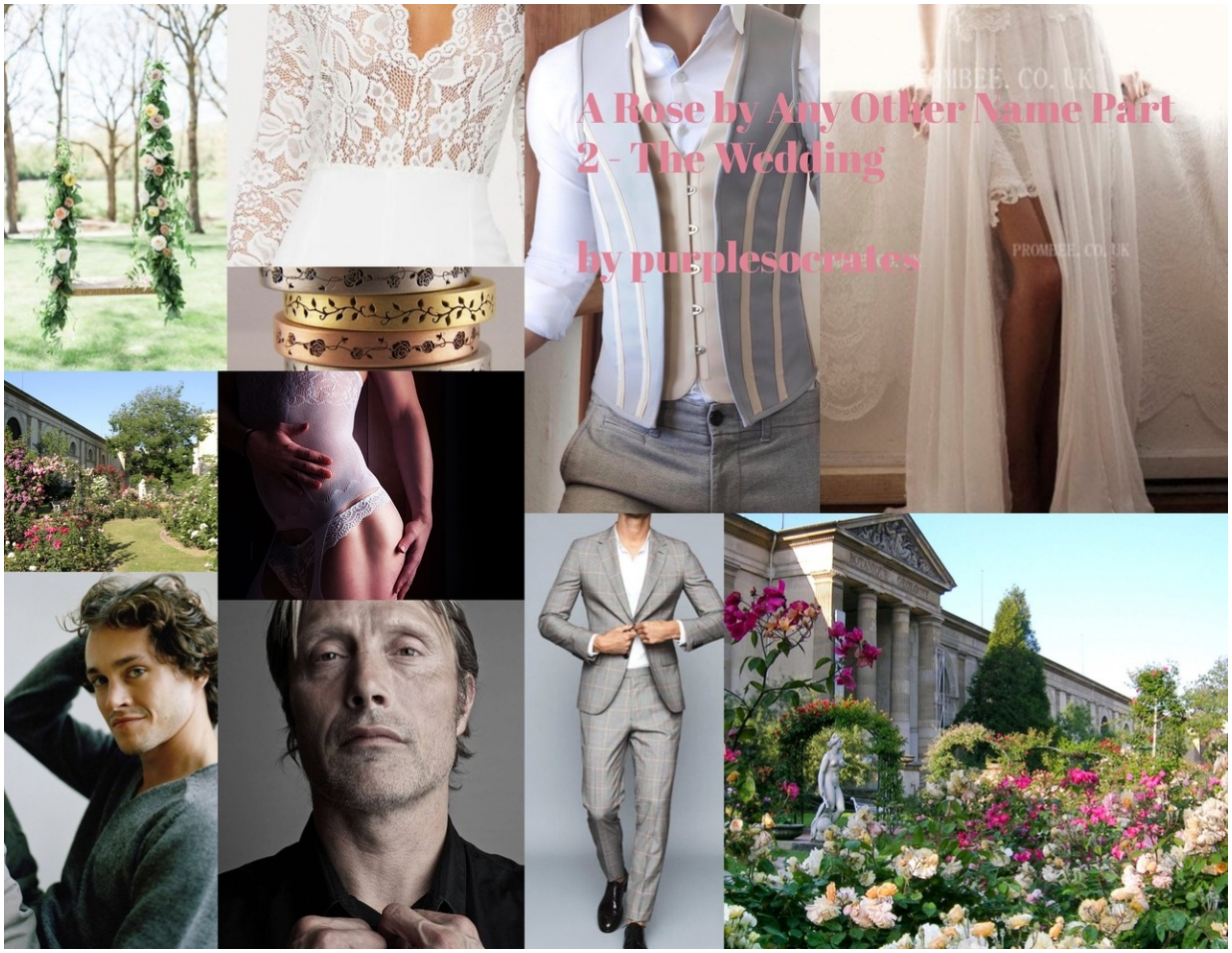
Chapter Summary

> “Will.” Bev says as she adjust her position so she is looking at him straight ahead. “That is complete and utter bollocks.” Will is so surprised he almost laughs. “Correct me if I am wrong here Will but you were the one who pursued him. You knew what it would mean for your career. What about his? You realise he is giving up everything for you?”
>
> Will nods and sighs “I know that Bev.”
>
> “I don’t think you do.” She says her tone now frustrated. “I mean Will what more could you possibly ask for? You talk about losing yourself in him I think it is fairly clear he has lost himself in you! He has given up his entire career just to protect you. Now you are telling me he is trying to fix the FBI issue for you and you had a tantrum?”
>
> “No.” Will says thinking that's a little unfair. “I was mad because he didn’t ask me.”
>
> “He didn’t ask if you wanted help because he knows you would have said no and gotten pissed at him.” Bev stands up again. “For fuck sake Will you better not have screwed this up completely.”

Chapter Notes

> Check out the new banner! Sneak peak!

See the end of the chapter for more notes



“Have you spoken to him?” Bev asks sitting herself down on Will’s bed, placing a cup of hot tea on his nightstand. He looks pale and his eyes are red. He clearly has not slept. Bev had awoken to several door slams and found Will curled up on his bed crying hysterically. What small amount she got from him between sobs it was clear that Hannibal and he had argued, about what she was still unsure. She had spent the night comforting him and dozing next to him. It was morning now and Will seems more with it and able to talk.

Will shakes his head and looks at the tea he mumbles a thank you but the thought of drinking or eating anything makes him feel nauseous. “What happened?” Bev asks gently.

Sighing he knows he needs to talk about it and Bev is his best friend. With Bev’s help he manages to sit up, and she forces him to take some sips of tea before he just cradles the mug in his hands. “He spoke to Jack Crawford.” Will manages, his voice a little hoarse from the crying, he has to admit the tea helped so he takes another sip, he can taste honey.

“The FBI guy?” Bev says, pleased to see Will drinking his tea she put honey in it for his throat.

“Yeah.” Will nods “he spoke to him about me.”

Bev thinks for a moment about why this is bad. She knows that Will is not going to be allowed into the FBI if he is with Hannibal, but he knew that going in, and as far as she can tell he was the one that did most of the pursuing. “Okay.” She says evenly.

Will sighs “don’t you see? He didn’t ask me if I wanted him to he just did it. He just assumed what I wanted and never asked.”

Bev nods she can see how this would irk Will, he is fiercely independent and not good at being told what to do. She is sure this is why he was attracted to Hannibal in the first place, he always wants what he can’t have. “Surely he was just trying to help.” Bev says and immediately regrets it as Will looks at her with his trademark death stare. She holds her hands up “hey, I am on your side, you know that, I am always here for you. I am just trying to understand.” Will shakes his head and he feels bad he knows Bev is just trying to be a good friend. “Does this have something to do with how your Father took the news? You called him right?”

“Yes.” Will says and sips his tea to avoid elaborating.

Bev does not let him get off that easy. “And? What did he say?”

Will sighs “a lot of things.”

“Will.” Bev says and gives him a look that he can easily read as spill everything now. “What did he say that got you so spooked?”

Will hates that Bev is so insightful but he also loves that Bev is so insightful. He closes his eyes for a moment and takes a deep breath. “Hannibal and I, we have shared dreams.” Bev takes a moment to absorb this information. She knew they were probably soul bonds after a few minutes in their presence it is impossible not to feel the connection between them. Shared dreams though that's not something that actually happens. “I know what you are thinking but it’s true. It’s how we first got together.”

“Wait,” Bev says, she stands up and paces a little and then turns to face Will “the first time you ...you know…” She says gesticulating and Will smiles.

“Had sex.” Will adds helpfully.

“Yeah.” Bev says “you first...in a dream?”

Will smiles as he is well aware of how ridiculous this all sounds. “Yes. We had shared dreams for a while we still do actually. That’s how I knew he was the one for me.” Will says and he can feel a lump in his throat because no matter what happens Hannibal is the only person, alpha he is meant to be with. “The thing is my parents also had shared dreams they were souls bonds too.”

Bev breathes out an incredulous breath “really?”

“Yeah.” Will says and pats the side of his bed again to make her sit down. She carefully does. “My Dad always warned me about it, the intensity of that kind of connection. My mum left after I was born and he never got over it. He said that I need to be careful not to lose myself in Hannibal and the connection we have.”

Bev sighs “so you think that you are going to lose yourself in Hannibal? Become some whimpering omega that has no agency, all his decisions made for him by his alpha?”

Will bites his lip “well not exactly but if he keeps doing this, taking over and assuming my feelings for me how do I know that won’t happen? I mean if I am with him it is likely I won’t get into the FBI and what if I resent him for it?”

“Will.” Bev says as she adjust her position so she is looking at him straight ahead. “That is complete and utter bollocks.” Will is so surprised he almost laughs. “Correct me if I am wrong here Will but you were the one who pursued him. You knew what it would mean for your career. What about his? You realise he is giving up everything for you?”

Will nods and sighs “I know that Bev.”

“I don’t think you do.” She says her tone now frustrated. “I mean Will what more could you possibly ask for? You talk about losing yourself in him I think it is fairly clear he has lost himself in you! He has given up his entire career just to protect you. Now you are telling me he is trying to fix the FBI issue for you and you had a tantrum?”

“No.” Will says thinking that's a little unfair. “I was mad because he didn’t ask me.”

“He didn’t ask if you wanted help because he knows you would have said no and gotten pissed at him.” Bev stands up again. “For fuck sake Will you better not have screwed this up completely.”

“Bev.” Will says sitting up a little.

“No, Will you need to get up, get dressed and go over there. Sort this out. Beg if you must.” She says firmly. “He has done nothing but support and love you. He’s given up everything and tried to help you and all you’ve done is reject him. You are not going to lose yourself with Hannibal you are going to be amazing. You are going to be so much better with him. You always do everything on your own! You never let anyone help you! Here you have this amazing guy who is willing to support you in anything and be there for you no matter what. Who didn’t think twice when I called him in the middle of the night saying you needed help!” She would never forget that call when Will had gone into a heat. How Hannibal’s voice went from sleepy and confused to focused and strong in a matter of seconds. He had not thought twice about leaping into action. “You know what he risked that night? He called the Dean! He knew what it would mean but he knew you needed help. He came straight over and saved your life. He saved your life Will.”

Will suddenly feels like the most foolish person in the universe. Bev is right. Hannibal saved him. He risked everything for him and what has he done in return? Hannibal has literally given up everything in his life, is moving to another country so Will can continue his studies. “Shit!” Will says and looks up at Bev stricken.

“As I said Will.” Bev sighs. “You better not have fucked this up.”

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Will drives to Hannibal’s house at speed, it still takes longer than he would like. He had thought about calling but he just had to get to his Alpha. So many thoughts had been running through his head as he raced against the traffic and the pouring rain. Bev was right he had taken Hannibal for granted from the start, he was the one who had pursued Hannibal, he had not taken no for an

answer. She was right he had never thought about the consequences of his actions for Hannibal. He was a selfish fool.

Imagining the hurt look on Hannibal's face when Will said he didn't need him and the tone of his voice when Hannibal said he needed Will makes him wince. Will had never heard that tone in Hannibal's voice before, he had looked so small and scared. He had been terrified that he would lose Will, as if that would ever happen, but Will had made him feel that way and that was unforgivable. Yes Will wasn't used to having someone who would look after him, but that was no excuse for all the things he had said. No excuse for leaving. He was so angry at himself for doing that to Hannibal.

He pulls into Hannibal's driveway happy to see the Bentley still parked there, the house though looks quiet. He checks the time and it is 9.30am Hannibal has usually been up for hours, an early riser when Will is not there to tempt him to stay in bed. He gets out of the car, slamming the door too hard and dropping his keys in his rush to lock the car. Eventually he gets to the front door and uses his key to open it. The entrance hall is quiet. The whole house is eerily still. Will closes the door, the sound echoing in the dark hallway. "Hannibal?" He shouts, his voice too loud in the stillness. No not Hannibal, he thinks he should never have used his name in that argument like a bullet to his alpha's heart, "Daddy? Alpha?" He shouts a little louder as he makes his way into the house, he drops his keys on the hallway table, the clink echoing through the air.

Will makes his way to the kitchen, the lights are off, the ridiculous coffee machine stands cold and silent. Will is beginning to panic now he runs to the dining room, then the lounge, nothing, he checks the study before making his way upstairs. He reaches Hannibal's bedroom, the door is shut, he gently opens it and peers through "Daddy?" The bedside lamp is on, the curtains still drawn. He takes a step inside and moves towards the bed, the duvet and sheets are no longer on the bed. It is then he hears the water from the bathroom. "Daddy!" Will says as he runs towards the bathroom he opens the door and gasps at what he sees.

The sheets and duvet are discarded in a damp pile on the bathroom floor. Hannibal is crouched in the shower, he is still wearing his pyjama bottoms which are sodden through. He is hugging his knees and shaking violently. Will runs towards him not caring or thinking about his own clothes he gets into the shower with Hannibal. The water is freezing and Will winces as he reaches up to change the temperature to warmer. Hannibal at first looks as if he cannot quite see Will or he cannot understand what he is seeing. Eventually he blinks and mutters "Omega?" Will brings him in close then and starts to rock him "I am so sorry Daddy!" He says and continues to rock Hannibal as his own tears begin to flow.

They stay in the shower together both getting drenched until Hannibal stops shaking and feels warm to the touch. Will then reaches up and turns the water off he grabs one of the large bath sheets and throws it around Hannibal. "Daddy? Look at me!" Will says his voice is a plea as Hannibal slowly lifts his head from his knees, water drips from his hair. Will reaches up and

brushes the damp strands from his face and takes his head in his hands. “Daddy!” After a few moments Will can almost hear Bev tell him to get up and sort this out. He wipes the tears from his eyes and releases Hannibal a little so he can look at him again, taking his head in both hands. “Daddy can you stand?” His voice a soft caress.

It seems to take an eternity but eventually Hannibal nods. Will helps him stand, as he does Will strips the pyjama trousers from him and kicks them away, he wraps the towel around him before grabbing another to dry him. Will carefully dries Hannibal as he holds onto him. He finds Hannibal’s thick robe and puts it on him and then puts another towel around his shoulders for good measure. Hannibal leans against the sinks while Will quickly removes his damp clothes and shoes, he grabs another towel glad that Hannibal seems to have so many in here, and dries himself off. Naked he carefully leads Hannibal out of the bathroom and into his bedroom. Will realises the bed is a mess so he guides Hannibal to the spare room and lies him down in that bed. He gets in beside him, spoons him making soothing noises and stroking his hair until he seems to stop shaking.

“Will?” Hannibal says his voice sounds small and it makes Will ache.

“What happened?” Will says gently kissing Hannibal’s cheek.

“I had a dream.” Hannibal says and when he finally looks up at Will his eyes are red “did you have it too?”

Will shakes his head he hadn’t slept last night he had just sobbed. “No, no Daddy what happened?”

Hannibal looks a little relieved at that answer “you came back.”

Will smiles and kisses his forehead “yes Daddy of course I came back. I am so sorry. What did you dream?”

Hannibal closes his eyes almost as if the very act of remembering it causes him pain, he opens his eyes and look up at Will. “You left me, at the altar, you left me.” As Hannibal speaks a fresh round of tears spill from his eyes. “I woke up and panicked.”

Will covers Hannibal with his own body then and kisses his forehead, cheeks and lips “I would never do that, I promise you Daddy, I would never leave you. I am so sorry I ran away it will never

happen again, please forgive me, Daddy. I love you, I love you so much." Will continues to pepper little kisses all over Hannibal's face as he repeats over and over, "I am so sorry, I love you Daddy, I love you, I am so sorry."

***

They both fell asleep sometime later tangled up in each others arms. Hannibal wakes first with the heavy weight of Will on top of him, he feels too hot as he realises he has his robe, two towels, Will and the blankets on him. It takes him a moment to realise where he is, the guest bedroom, then he remembers panic and sweating. He vaguely recalls being in the shower but it is all a bit of a blur. Reaching a hand up he strokes Will's soft curls "Will." He says and smiles as Will gently stirs nuzzling into Hannibal's neck.

"Daddy." Will kisses into Hannibal's neck.

Hannibal takes a deep breath as the feeling of relief at hearing that word from Will's lips soothes his entire body. "I need you to move." Hannibal says although part of him would be happy to stay like this forever but with perhaps less layers.

Will laughs "sorry." He gently rolls off Hannibal and between them they remove the towels and Robe from Hannibal so they can feel each others skin. Will half lies across Hannibal so he can stroke an idle hand on Hannibal's chest and Hannibal can rest one of his hands on Will's back.

"I am glad you came back." Hannibal says as he takes in the wonderful aroma of Will's hair.

"I am sorry I left." Will says and he means it, he kisses Hannibal's shoulder. "I am so sorry, are you alright?"

Hannibal sighs and nods "I am now."

"The dream you had?" Will asks and he can see the pain on Hannibal's face as he mentions it. "Tell me what happened."

Hannibal strokes Will's hair and takes a deep breath and tells Will everything, the perfect wedding, how beautiful Will had looked, how he had turned his back and walked away. Not turning back when Hannibal had called his name. How Hannibal had woken up in a covered in sweat and terrified and how he had not remembered much after that before Will finding him. By the time he is finished there are a few tears falling down Hannibal's face. Will kisses them away. "I promise you I would never do that. I am so sorry for everything I said and for leaving like that. Bev was furious when I told her, she talked some sense into me."

Hannibal smiles and is glad of Beverly Katz. "I understand why you left."

Will shakes his head "no, I was in the wrong, you were just trying to help me just like you always do, you have given up everything for me and I should have said thank you."

Hannibal is not sure how to react to that. For him it doesn't feel as if he is giving up anything, it feels like he is gaining everything as long as he has Will everything else is meaningless. He looks up at Will, his eyes glassy and beautiful, the feeling of their bodies together so close and the way Hannibal can feel his entire body relax and feel whole just from the sight of Will. "Bond with me now." Hannibal says and Will smiles before kissing Hannibal deeply.

"No." Will says and can see the panic cross Hannibal's eyes and he soothes him with another kiss. "Not yet. You were right, after we are married and we are both in our right minds no drama, no heats, no fights just you and me in our apartment that's what I want."

"I just want to be with you." Hannibal says and Will kisses him again.

"You are, but we need to do this right." Will says and begins kissing Hannibal's neck, small kitten licks and almost bites. "I want us to both know we did it because we wanted to, I want you to never doubt me again. I am going to spend the rest of my days making sure you know you can trust me." Hannibal shifts as Will moves and completely covers him with his body, he begins kissing down Hannibal's collarbone and further down his chest, gently sucking a nipple. Hannibal shifts under the touch a little protest as he is still exhausted. Will looks up at him and smiles, he whispers "shh Daddy, let me make you feel good this time." Will strokes a hand down Hannibal's chest and moves lower placing kisses down the centre of Hannibal's chest, soft chest hair tickling Will's lips.

Will is getting lower and lower as Hannibal rests his hands at his side and closes his eyes just letting all the gentle touches, kisses and brushes wash over him. When Will reaches Hannibal's cock it is not fully erect he is still so tired but it flinches. Hannibal opens his eyes "sorry my love I

am still so tired." Will smiles and kisses the semi erect cock softly and then to Hannibal's surprise he goes lower, shifting Hannibal's hips so he can reach his hole. Hannibal gasps when he feels a hot wet tongue lick at his entrance. "Will!"

Will stops for a moment and looks up at Hannibal "can you turn over?"

Hannibal raises an eyebrow and Will slowly makes his way back up to Hannibal and looks at him through his eyelashes "let me fuck you?"

Hannibal groans at the sound of those words and Will smiles widely taking that as a yes, he helps Hannibal move so he is led on his stomach, head resting on his folded arms, Will places a pillow under him so his ass is raised up. Then Will gets to work and spits obscenely, spitting on Hannibal's entrance and then licking and kissing at the rim. He kneels between Hannibal's legs and lies forward so he can use both hands to part Hannibal's cheeks, kissing and lapping between them. Hannibal is helpless now and can only moan and make whimpering noises as he closes his eyes and grips the pillow beneath his head with his hands.

Will can feel his own slick leaking down his legs and Hannibal can smell it too and he releases a long moan as he realises what Will is planning on using as lube. Hannibal opens his eyes and looks at the obscene sight of Will reaching around and touching himself while still kissing Hannibal's entrance. He coats his own fingers in slick and brings them to Hannibal's now opening hole. Gently, he presses inside with his finger and Hannibal bucks up slightly at the intrusion. He takes a deep breath as Will just keeps his finger in place, licking around it. Once he can feel Hannibal relax again he pushes his finger in further pressing inside and making Hannibal gasp his name.

Continuing to gently pleasure Hannibal, Will pushes and pulls his finger a few more times before removing it and getting more slick from himself. He then pushes in two fingers as well as his tongue. Hannibal is quite wet and open now, he is groaning with pleasure as Will scissors his slick covered fingers inside him, licking around his entrance as the muscles relax and expand for him. Eventually Will removes his tongue and sits back, he keeps his fingers inside Hannibal for a moment before removing them. He takes more slick and coats his own cock with it, mixing with the pre cum that is already there.

"Are you ready Daddy?" Will asks lining the tip of his cock up to Hannibal's entrance who nods as he cannot seem to find words right now.

Will places his hands on Hannibal's hips gently grasping them he very slowly pushes his cock inside Hannibal. They both moan loudly as he does this and Will has to close his eyes and breath

out a long sigh at the wonderful feeling of being inside Hannibal. “Mmm Daddy you feel so good.” Will moans and he experimentally slowly rolls his hips and Hannibal gasps. “Is this good Daddy?”

Hannibal breathes out a long moan “yes, fuck, yes, Daddy loves this!”

Will loves to hear Hannibal swear so feels encouraged to roll his hips slightly harder the next time and push in further to hit that sweet spot. They both gasp at the sensation as Will can feel the wave of pleasure from Hannibal and it feels wonderful. Will then finds a rhythm of slow rolls and thrusts as he fucks into his Daddy gripping onto his hips. Hannibal can only lie there and let Will pleasure him he cannot move and he does not want to, every thrust, every roll makes all his nerves buzz with pleasure and his mind is blissfully blank. All those worries, all those anxieties, those words and that dream are all slipping from his mind under Will’s gentle ministrations.

Hannibal is still not fully hard but it doesn’t matter, he feels amazing and he can feel cum being forced from him as Will touches his prostate every time. Hannibal moans in overstimulated ecstasy as Will can feel his own orgasm impending. “Daddy I am going to come!” He shouts and Hannibal can only whimper as he feels Will come inside him adding more wet, hot liquid. Will continues to fuck Hannibal and comes twice more before collapsing on top of Hannibal who is close to passing out at this point. Will gently kisses Hannibal’s shoulder “I love you.” he says simply. “I will never leave again.”

Chapter End Notes

kudos are the soft bath towels Will wraps Hannibal in and comments are the overstimulated moans released from Hannibal's lips.

More next Monday! Don't you love Smut Mondays!

xxx

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

> “Are you sure there is no one else you would like to invite?” Hannibal says as Will’s foot is now actively rubbing against Hannibal’s cock which is getting harder by the second.
>
> Will doesn’t say anything but decides that clearly just teasing Hannibal is not going to be enough to get him to stop talking and start doing something much more pleasurable. He removes his foot from Hannibal’s lap and slinks over to Hannibal, he takes the list and pen Hannibal is holding and removes it from his fingers dropping it to the ground, he then sits himself in Hannibal’s lap straddling him and grinding down on the bulge in his trousers.
>
> “Are we on that list?” Will says as he puts his arms around Hannibal’s shoulders.
>
> “Yes.” Hannibal says as he looks forlornly at the paper on the floor but brings his hands around Will’s waist anyway.
>
> “Then that is all that matters.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After the argument Will stays with Hannibal only leaving to go to lectures and then coming straight home. They know that Hannibal is due to leave in a few days so he can get everything organised for the wedding but the thought of not being together seems impossible and they are not even bonded yet. Will is now the one who has to keep Hannibal in check every time he asks to bite Will. They are both beyond ready for the day to arrive.

Will is sprawled over Hannibal’s couch with his legs in Hannibal’s lap resting his head on a cushion as Hannibal checks the invite list which is thankfully short. Hannibal had wanted to invite everyone they knew and Will was adamant it was going to be a short small ceremony so they could get back to the apartment as soon as possible and finally bond.

“Are you sure you do not want to invite your father?” Hannibal says stroking an idle hand down Will’s ankle. “Even as a courtesy? He knows of course I will cover all expenses for him.”

Will wriggles slightly and sighs “he would take the invitation as a summons and feel he needed to come and his health is not great. I have spoken to him it’s okay.”

Hannibal hums unconvinced “perhaps I should call?”

Will sits up on his elbows “no. Definitely not.”

“Why not?” Hannibal asks looking at Will. “I can be very charming you know. Perhaps I can put his mind at ease.”

“No.” Will says again, adamant. “No. We can go and see him after, I think it will be better in person. I am well aware of your charms.”

Hannibal laughs “okay if you are sure.” Will lies back down and tries not to think about what it is going to be like to introduce Hannibal to his Father. The very thought of it gives him a stomach ache. Hannibal continues to stroke Will’s ankle as he perused the very short list. “We have a deficit of men. We only have Jack.”

“Does that matter?” Will asks, wishing this conversation would be over already and they could get to the sex, he moves his foot slightly so it’s closer to Hannibal’s crotch who smirks but does not mention it.

“Perhaps Bedelia will bring someone.” Hannibal says and then grimaces and reminds himself to make sure she does not bring Anthony as her plus one.

“What about Miss Bloom? Does she have someone?” Will asks rubbing his foot more obviously now.

Hannibal smiles “she will be with Margot I am sure.”

“Really?” Will says “they know each other?”

“Yes I introduced them a few years ago now and they stay in touch. I think there has always been a spark of something there.” Hannibal says and he does hope they will perhaps do something about it at the wedding.

“Huh,” Will says “I can see that.”

“What about Bev?” Hannibal says, “does she have anyone she would like to bring?”

Will shrugs his shoulders “not sure I will ask her.”

“I am more than happy to cover her plus one’s travel as well.” Hannibal says “after everything she has done I owe her.”

Will smiles “I will tell her.” He is now rubbing his foot against the crotch of Hannibal’s trousers and he can feel that Hannibal is getting steadily more interested, despite pretending he isn’t, the way he is biting his lower lip is only encouraging Will.

“Are you sure there is no one else you would like to invite?” Hannibal says as Will’s foot is now actively rubbing against Hannibal’s cock which is getting harder by the second.

Will doesn’t say anything but decides that clearly just teasing Hannibal is not going to be enough to get him to stop talking and start doing something much more pleasurable. He removes his foot from Hannibal’s lap and slinks over to Hannibal, he takes the list and pen Hannibal is holding and removes it from his fingers dropping it to the ground, he then sits himself in Hannibal’s lap straddling him and grinding down on the bulge in his trousers.

“Are we on that list?” Will says as he puts his arms around Hannibal’s shoulders.

“Yes.” Hannibal says as he looks forlornly at the paper on the floor but brings his hands around Will’s waist anyway.

“Then that is all that matters.” Will says and smiles before leaning down and placing a chaste kiss on Hannibal’s lips. “We have better things to be doing surely?”

“Do we?” Hannibal says as Will looks down at the bulge in Hannibal’s trousers. Will wriggles and grinds down against Hannibal’s crotch with a moan.

“Yes Daddy we most assuredly do.” Will says, “would you like to know what they are?”

“Hmmmm Daddy would love to know.” Hannibal says as he reaches underneath Will’s t shirt and strokes a hand across his lower back.

“I thought I could ride you on this couch and then you could carry me to bed and knot me until I passed out and we could continue in our dreams.” Will says as Hannibal’s hands stroke his waist.

“How could I resist?” Hannibal says “First you need to get out of those jeans.”

Will smiles and laughs leaning his head back, that ever tempting neck on show. “Would Daddy like a strip tease?”

Hannibal moans “yes, he would very much.”

Standing up slowly and taking a few steps away from Hannibal who watches every graceful move Will makes. Will smiles and unbuttons his jeans slowly lowering the zip before pushing the jeans down a little ways. Hannibal gasps at what is revealed, black lace boy shorts. “Do you like them?.”

“I do. Let me see you in them.” Hannibal says and Will smiles he pulls his t shirt off, flinging it to the floor. He reveals a black lace tube top stretched over his chest. It looks beautiful and Hannibal smiles at the sight of such soft delicate fabric against pale skin.

Running a hand down his chest he slowly pushes the jeans down and off, stepping out of them until he is just in the black lace. “Turn around.” Hannibal says and Will smiles turning around slowly he peers over his shoulder at Hannibal.

“Does Daddy like?” Will says attempting to be coy.

“Yes, yes he does.” Hannibal says he reaches out a hand to grasp Will’s hips bringing him closer so he can run his hand over the lace stretched over Will’s ass. “So perfect.” At the gentle touch Will

moans and arches his neck, he can already feel slick forming and Hannibal can see the damp stain forming on the lace. “I like you like this, my pretty omega.”

Will turns around so he is facing Hannibal, standing between his legs, arms hanging at his side. “You do?”

“Yes.” Hannibal says. “How do you feel?”

Will smiles as he takes a deep breath in, this is the first time he has ever worn anything like this, it is the first time he has worn it for someone. He loves that Hannibal allows him to take a moment to figure out how he feels. The wedding outfit Margot has suggested is very omegan and he wasn’t sure about it. He decided to try out smaller things to see how he felt. Margot had sent him this french lace which feels like silk on his skin, it was packaged in lightly scented tissue paper and came in a thick cardboard box. He had felt decadent opening it and even more so wearing it. Right now stood here in nothing but the lace with Hannibal’s hands gently holding his hips and those eyes staring at him with wonder and more than a bit of lust, Will realises he feels sexy. He feels desired. It feels good.

He laughs and Hannibal grips his hips tighter “tell me.” Hannibal says softly. “Tell me how you feel.”

“I feel..” Will draws a slightly shuddering breath as he feels a little embarrassed but the feeling soon dissipates when Hannibal looks at him. “I feel sexy, I feel beautiful.”

Hannibal smiles “you should, you are. How does the lace feel on your skin?”

Will bites his lower lip in anticipation as Hannibal’s fingers brush the fabric. “It feels soft, like silk.”

“Only the best I hope, french lace from Margot?” Hannibal says.

Will nods “yes, she said you wouldn’t mind the expense.”

Hannibal smiles and nods “nothing is too good for you. I would shower you in french lace, roses and whatever else you desired if you let me.”

Will throws his head back and laughs “I know you would.” Will takes a step closer so he can sit in Hannibal’s lap, straddling him. “Right now I want you to kiss me.”

Hannibal moves one of his hands up to Will’s curls and brings his head down to meet his, the kiss is slow and Will moans and grinds down on Hannibal’s crotch feeling the alpha’s arousal pressed up against him. His own cock is filling and straining in the lace. Hannibal’s brings his hand from Will’s hair and brushes it down the lace on his back, settling on his hip once more. Will begins to undo Hannibal’s shirt which he shucks off his shoulders before Will undoes his trousers. Hannibal stands lifting Will with him who wraps his legs around Hannibal, together they manage to push Hannibal’s trousers and underwear off, kicking them away before Hannibal sits down again bringing Will back down with him. They kiss for a few moments more before Will breaks the kiss and gets off Hannibal’s lap he sinks to his knees between Hannibal’s legs.

The sight of Will knelt before him in black lace is a beautiful one, Hannibal moans as Will takes the base of Hannibal’s cock in his hands before sinking those pink lips over the tip, he sucks softly. Hannibal can feel every inch as those soft pink lips slide down the shaft of his cock and he is enveloped in the warm cavern of Will’s mouth. He grabs Will’s hair and pulls the strands which gets an encouraging moan from Will. Hannibal is large by any alpha standards and it is always impressive and utterly arousing how easily Will can take all of him in his mouth. He sucks, slides up and down, making those wonderful gagging and moaning noises.

Will loves the feeling of Hannibal’s cock filling his mouth, the knot pressing up against his hand at the base. He wants Hannibal to come down his throat, he wants to feel that hot liquid spurt at the back of his throat, his own cock throbs and slick leaks from his hole making the lace even damper. Hannibal thrusts up into Will’s mouth and then comes with a shuddering moan, Will can taste the liquid as it drips down his throat, some leaks from his mouth. He releases Hannibal and then licks up all the remaining cum. Will stands up and and shimmies out of the damp lace panties before sinking himself down onto Hannibal’s still hard cock.

Hannibal moans and grabs Will’s hips as he begins to thrust and roll, fucking himself on his Daddy’s cock. “Daddy you feel so good!” Will exclaims as he starts to touch himself at the same pace as he fucks Hannibal.

“Omega come for me. Come for your daddy!” Hannibal moans, he needs to see his boy come in that lace.

Will moans and then comes over his hand, Hannibal continues to move Will's hips through his orgasm. "Daddy wants to fuck you over the back of this couch."

Hannibal stands up bringing Will with him. Will whimpers but manages to remove Hannibal's cock from inside and gingerly makes his way to the back of the couch. Grasping Will's hips, Hannibal is right behind him as he thrusts inside Will once more who holds onto the couch for dear life. Hannibal fucks Will hard, watching as his legs shake and tremble. "Come for me omega."

"Harder Daddy harder!" He moans he wants to feel Hannibal in the morning, he comes with a scream that makes Hannibal fuck into him with even more force.

"Fuck!" Hannibal moans, they are both shaking and moaning. When Hannibal comes he shouts loudly before pushing his knot all the way inside Will who gasps in pain but comes at the same time.

"Yes daddy, fill me!" He shrieks as Hannibal pushes inside. He comes once more as he is fully seated inside Will who whines. Hannibal manages to scoop Will up in his arms and they somehow make it to the couch where they lie down. Hannibal's arms pulling Will closer as they both fall into a blissful sleep. They dream of torn wet lace against pale damp skin.

***

Hannibal reluctantly left for Paris a few days later. It was only a week until Will joined him but it felt like an eternity. Hannibal keeps himself busy by planning everything for the wedding. He misses Will with every breath he takes and he is starting to feel as if he is missing a limb. Today he is going to see Margot to pick up his suit. She opens the door and gives him a sympathetic smile. "How long until Will arrives?" She says ushering him inside.

"A week." Hannibal says as he steps inside the shop, he knows the exact hours but doesn't want to sound desperate. The separation has been almost impossible despite the shared dreams every night, he hopes things will be better after they bond but there is also the possibility it will be worse.

“No offence Hannibal but you look like you are barely hanging on.” Margot says as they make their way to fitting room where he and Will had spent a wonderfully debauched day the last time they were here.

“It is harder than I had anticipated.” Hannibal says his heart aches a little when he sees the room remembering when he was last here.

Margot sees the slightly pained look “we can use the smaller room if you prefer?” She says gently placing her hand on his arm, he looks as if he is going to say no but at the sight of Margot’s kind look he nods and she takes him to the smaller room. Once there she leaves him for a moment so she can go and get his suit. He closes his eyes for a moment and thinks about Will, he takes a deep breath remembering that comforting scent. Opening his eyes as Margot returns he does feel a little calmer and is soon distracted by the suit which Margot enthusiastically shows him. Trying it on it is almost perfect just a few alterations which Margot deftly pins.

“It looks wonderful.” She says as she stands back admiring Hannibal’s reflection.

“Fine work as always Margot.” Hannibal says as he too admires his reflection.

“I fear I owe you an apology Hannibal.” Margot says a little sheepishly, Hannibal looks at her questioningly. “About Alana. I let slip about the wedding.”

Hannibal smiles and laughs “there were rumours abound anyway and Alana being who she is did not add fuel she came and asked me directly.”

Margot gasps slightly “you told her?”

Hannibal nods “yes and you will be pleased to hear I invited her.”

Margot blushes and Hannibal smiles “I am sure she will be in touch soon Margot.”

“Thank you Hannibal and once again I do apologise I pride myself on my discretion.” Margot had felt awful she is usually iron clad when it comes to her clients.

“I know that Margot and you are forgiven.” Hannibal smiles and she breathes a sigh of relief. “How is Will’s coming along?”

Margot smiles “you will not get me to reveal a single thing! It is coming along nicely.”

“That is all I need to know.” Hannibal says. “Now will you do me the honour of coming to lunch with me?”

Margot smiles “it would be my pleasure.”

***

That evening cannot come soon enough and Hannibal is pleased that he falls asleep quickly thanks to a few glasses of beaujolais with Margot over lunch. He finds Will in his large bed in Baltimore the scent of roses ever present. They do not speak at first so glad to finally be in each other’s presence. Hannibal holds Will close as they both stand at the edge of the bed. Hannibal scents Will’s neck and feels every muscle in his body relax under its spell. Will too becomes boneless in Hannibal’s arms, a relaxed weight happy to just be held. The light is very dim in the room something which Hannibal does not notice immediately. It is only after a few moments when they manage to part and look at each other that Hannibal realises.

“You usually do not bother with clothes my love in our dreams. What are you hiding?” Hannibal says before being unable to help himself and lowers his face to kiss Will’s waiting mouth.

Will moans into the kiss it feels so good to finally be here and have his alpha so close. “I wanted to surprise you with something.” Will whispers before kissing Hannibal again and finally feeling that wonderful warmth of contentment that washes over him whenever they are together like this.

“More lace?” Hannibal says as he kisses a trail down the side of Will’s face and down his neck once more.

“Perhaps” Will says and then gasps slightly as Hannibal scrapes his teeth along Will’s raised scent gland.

“Mmm I love that you are exploring this side of you.” Hannibal says as he kisses and nips at the pale soft skin.

Will leans his head back so Hannibal can have more access. Hannibal stops kissing Will and cups his face as he smiles. “I like to watch your reaction.” Will says and takes a step back.

As Will moves the lights in the bedroom brighten a little and Hannibal takes a deep breath in to see Will standing in front of him naked, clothes suddenly gone, except for a pair of pale peach lace short panties. His cock is semi erect and placed carefully to one side a slight damp patch forming at the tip. Will stands a little awkwardly placing his weight on one foot and biting his lower lip, he looks up at Hannibal through his eyelashes unsure. His uncertainty adding to the overall effect. Hannibal has never felt like swooning before but he does right now.

“Will!” Hannibal says a little breathless.

“Do you like it?” Will says finally looking up Hannibal who he can see now is smiling widely at him.

“Yes, Daddy likes very much.” Hannibal says and moves towards Will, as he does so Hannibal realises that Will has decided he should be dressed in this scenario and is wearing a navy blue pinstripe suit, crisp pale blue shirt with a deep red tie and pocket square.

“I went for a paler colour this time.” Will says as Hannibal is stood closer but still not touching.

“Daddy thinks you are beautiful and loves you in everything you choose to wear.” Hannibal says softly as he places a finger to the bottom of Will’s chin and gently lifts his face up. “If you would like to wear more omegan things I am more than happy to see you in them.” Hannibal leans down and places a soft kiss to Will’s lips. “Daddy really wants to play with you in those will you turn around?”

Will smiles, he was hoping for this reaction and they both know it. “Will you keep the suit on though?”

Hannibal smiles and nods. Will turns around and bends over so he is braced on the edge of the bed, the lace now stretching a little over his ass which makes Hannibal moan. He gently strokes a hand over the lace, feeling the warmth underneath as he sees slick beginning to leak and further dampen the fabric. “So wet for Daddy.” Hannibal says and smiles as he moves his hands around the fabric, gently squeezing Will’s cheeks which earns him a little whimper from Will. “So beautiful for me.”

“Please Daddy I need you.” Will whines as he begins to shake a little under Hannibal’s massaging hands.

“Let Daddy enjoy you my sweet omega.” Hannibal says as continues to stroke and squeeze he starts to wonder if Will can come just from this. “Lie down on the bed for Daddy.”

Will lowers himself down and crawls onto the bed, turning around and lying on his back he looks up at Hannibal who can see now that Will’s cock is straining against the now quite damp lace. He looks the very picture of a debauched angel. “Does Daddy want me to touch myself?” Will says his voice breathless with desire.

Hannibal smiles and nods “yes very much so.”

Will slowly runs a hand down his chest, squeezing his nipples and raising his hips. Hannibal watches as his hand goes lower and finally slips under the lace to grasp his cock. He begins to slowly touch himself, moaning as he does and keeping his eyes on his alpha. “Come for Daddy.” Hannibal says and watches as Will is wracked with an intense orgasm all his muscles contracting and his toes curling in pleasure. His cum practically ruining the lace. “Omega you are beautiful.” Hannibal says breathless at the sight of Will.

Hannibal gently reaches out for Will’s feet and pulls him slowly to the end of the bed, Will laughs a little as he does this but he loves it when Hannibal manhandles him. Will is rearranged so he is on all fours as Hannibal grasps his hips with one hand and with the other he gently rolls down the now very wet lace. One finger gently slips inside Will pushing further in Will gasps and moans as he begs for more. Hannibal removes his finger undoes his trousers and lowers them and his underwear to release is now very interested cock. “Daddy is going to fuck you now.” Will keens as Hannibal grasps Will’s hips once more and pushes his cock inside. “Slowly.”

The feeling of Hannibal behind him fully dressed while he is in nothing but sodden lace almost makes Will come again. “Yes! Daddy!” Will shouts as Hannibal begins to slowly, so slowly Will

aches, thrust inside his boy. His hips roll so gently and the movement is so deliberate and gentle Will feels like he might lose his mind from it. “More! Daddy! Harder!”

Hannibal smiles and grips Will’s hips harder “Daddy wants to take his time with you.”

At hearing those words Will knows he is in for the sweetest torture as Hannibal achingly slowly fucks him. Will can feel every inch of his alpha as that wonderful cock slides in and out of him, he can feel the press of Hannibal’s fingers on his hips, the damp, stretched lace of the panties, the soft cashmere wool of Hannibal’s suit as it touches his skin. It is all a glorious tease and he cannot help but come again, Hannibal can feel the tightening of Will’s passage around his cock and he moans and moves a little faster.

Will is now shaking with over stimulation and need. There is a wonderful sheen of sweat on his skin and his hair is damp as he leans his head back tempting Hannibal to pull it. Hannibal smiles he knows what his boy wants and he also knows he will not last too much longer himself, so he reaches out with one hand and pulls Will’s hair arching his neck. “Yes! Daddy! Please!” Will cries out as Hannibal finallly begins to fuck him harder, still slow but with more forceful thursts.

“Come for Daddy one more time before he knots you.” Hannibal says and Will keens and painfully comes once more. “Good omega.”

Will shivers pleasantly from the praise and he can feel the pressure of Hannibal’s knot now as it presses up against his entrance. He wriggles back to encourage Hannibal to press inside. Hannibal pulls the damp strands of Will’s hair to steady him and then pushes a little of his knot inside so Will’s muscles only partly expand to let him in. The pain and pressure is almost too much for Will as overstimulated as he is but Hannibal holds him for just a moment longer before pushing slightly further in. Will’s legs are now shaking and he looks like he might collapse if it wasn’t for Hannibal’s grip on his hip and in his hair. “Please! Daddy!” Will begs not sure how much more of this he can take.

“Can you come once more? Show Daddy how much you want his knot?” Hannibal says his voice is breathless with the control it is taking to not just push all the way in.

Will whines “I can’t! Please Daddy knot me I need you!”

Hannibal pushes again only a little “you can do it for me, you can do it. Once more.”

Will finds his body takes over and he comes painfully as Hannibal finally pushes completely in and fills Will coming himself as the tightness of his boy. “Fuuuccck!” Hannibal moans and the sound of it almost makes Will come again if he could.

When Will wakes up his sheets are soaking from sweat and cum. He moans and closes his eyes once more trying to catch his breath. Hannibal wakes up smiling, hard as a rock he pulls himself off uttering Will’s name and remembering the feeling of that lace against Will’s skin.

Chapter End Notes

Comments are French lace and kudos are Will’s soft kisses

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

As he makes his way there he imagines Will walking beside him. He cannot wait to have Will here with him after the wedding to show him all of Paris. Being without his omega is getting harder and Hannibal tries to convince himself it will be easier once they are bonded, but he is starting to worry it might be worse. After they are bonded the connection between them will only strengthen and that ache he feels when they are apart is likely to feel even more painful. He takes a deep breath and pushes the thoughts away. Soon Will is going to be here with him, they will be married and bonded and everything else they can work out together. As he nears the entrance his phone buzzes and he sees it is a message from Margot telling him to meet her in the rose garden. He wonders why she has decided this. He is not far from the rose garden now as he is just by the main entrance so he makes his way there.

Chapter Notes

Amazing art by beatricenius

Thank you so much for bringing my words to life! Please go and give them all the love and praise for being so utterly wonderful.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal is glad to be busy today. He has some meetings at the Sorbonne in the morning and then he plans on having lunch with Margot again which has become an enjoyable fixture. This afternoon he has calls to make, some final preparations for the wedding. His heart still beats a little panicked whenever he has to do anything for the wedding, as the dream he had still flashes in his mind unwelcome. He always breathes through it though. Remembering Will's words, his tender touch, the last dream they shared. Lace and sweet moans. He knows Will is going to be with him in a week. He walks back from the Sorbonne to meet Margot who says she has found a new restaurant for them to try. It is near the Zoo gardens which are not far from the medical department he will be teaching at.

As he makes his way there he imagines Will walking beside him. He cannot wait to have Will here with him after the wedding to show him all of Paris. Being without his omega is getting harder and Hannibal tries to convince himself it will be easier once they are bonded, but he is starting to worry it might be worse. After they are bonded the connection between them will only strengthen and that ache he feels when they are apart is likely to feel even more painful. He takes a deep breath and

pushes the thoughts away. Soon Will is going to be here with him, they will be married and bonded and everything else they can work out together. As he nears the entrance his phone buzzes and he sees it is a message from Margot telling him to meet her in the rose garden. He wonders why she has decided this. He is not far from the rose garden now as he is just by the main entrance so he makes his way there.

He sees Margot and she waves at him, she is holding a suit bag. She is also wearing a beautiful well fitting pale blue suit. As he gets closer he can see she is very excited about something. "Hannibal, finally! You need to change." She says shoving the suit bag at him and taking his briefcase from him. "You can change just in there." She says pointing at the old stone building that backs onto to Rose garden. "There is a small room they have set aside."

"Margot what is happening?" Hannibal says confused.

"Go, change." She says pushing him inside, she leads him to a small room which looks like it was an office of some kind but has been cleared so it has a mirror, a table and a chair. "If you need help just shout." She says and closes the door behind her.

"Margot?!" He says but she is gone. He opens the suit bag and can see it is his wedding suit. He gasps as he realises what must be happening. "Margot!" He shouts and she opens the door puts her head through the gap. "Is this happening now?" Hannibal says his voice a little breathless.

She grins. "He didn't want you to wait. Something about a bad dream."

Hannibal can feel tears forming in his eyes "Will is here? Now?"

"Everyone is waiting. Get changed." Margot says and smiles before fully entering the room "I'll help." She says and takes the suit bag from him.

Once Hannibal is in his suit he admires his reflection in the mirror as Margot fusses with the pale peach rose corsage she is pinning on his suit. His suit is light grey with a pale peach wide check, well fitting trousers, a crisp white shirt with a pale peach cravat tie in crushed silk, brown brogues handmade. His waistcoat though is the real centre of the suit, a classic corset design, silver clasps down the centre peach panel, two panels either side with wide peach ribbing against the grey. It fits him beautifully showing off his strength and the lines of his body. He smiles as Margot finishes pinning the flower and takes a final look at himself.

Margot smiles from behind him, “are you ready?” She says her voice a little shaky.

He takes a deep breath and then realises “I don’t have the rings here!”

“Taken care of.” She smiles and takes out a box from the suit bag. “I lied they were ready last week.”

Hannibal smiles at her “you have kept this secret well.”

“It has been a pleasure.” She says. “Shall I keep these, as your defacto best woman?”

Hannibal nods “yes, perfect.”

“So you ready?” She says and he nods. “Prepare yourself. He looks beautiful. I have really outdone myself this time.”

Hannibal takes a shaky deep breath as he knows that Margot is very good at what she does and if the black lace was anything to go by Hannibal is prepared to be stunned. “What about my clothes?”

“All is in hand, I will take your suit and get it back to you. Your briefcase too. Everything will be safe here for now, I have a key to the room. Just relax and go marry that omega.”

He smiles and takes her hand, squeezing it. “Yes, okay let’s go.”

Margot leads him out of the room which she locks behind them, placing the key in her handbag. They walk outside into the afternoon sunshine, she leads him to a path, all along it there are arches filled with climbing roses. Large rose beds snake along the other side as well, bright colours glinting in the sunlight. Together they walk down the path and Hannibal feels such relief, this is nothing like his dream. They reach the end of the path where a statue of Venus is placed surrounded by yet more roses. As they turn the corner Hannibal can see the guests all stand up

when they see him, rows of white chairs with roses entwined around the backs are laid out in front of a temporary gazebo which has yet more climbing roses. He can see all the guests now as they turn to look at him, Jack and Bella, Bedelia, Bev and her date, Alana with an empty chair meant he assumes for Margot. The registrar is a young woman with bright red hair, tight curls, she is wearing a well fitting dark green suit. Nothing like the woman in Hannibal's dream. Instead of a string quartet there are three opera singers, the melody of their soft voices waft over to Hannibal and it is then he sees his love.

His breath is indeed taken away at the sight of Will. He is stood on a low swing, the rope covered in peach roses. Will is all in white lace it falls like a waterfall down his body. A plunging white lace top reveals his pale beautiful skin begging to be kissed and bitten, his neck a tempting column. The long sleeves of lace finish to a point over his fine hands, there is more lace flowing with soft sheer fabric dropping down from his waist pooling past the swing and onto the floor. The fabric parts at the centre to reveal his legs, slim and beautiful, thighs covered in yet more delicate lace over white fabric. His hair is perfectly tousled, chocolate brown curls framing his face, eyes bright, his smile makes Hannibal grin back like a fool. The light is making him look like a renaissance painting, surrounded by such delicate flowers he is like a nymph in divine garden. He reaches Will and takes a step up to the gazebo. Will holds onto the swing with one hand, Hannibal takes his free hand and kisses it. "You are a vision." He says and Will smiles

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Will also takes in the sight of his alpha, such strong lines and soft colours. His hair is glinting in the sunlight, skin luminous and shining. Those deep brown pools of his eyes looking at him with such love and need. It makes Will feel like he is being worshipped. The smile on Hannibal's face reveals his fangs, a shiver of anticipation runs down Will's spine. Everything in this moment is perfect and Will grips the rope of the swing to stop himself from shaking.

"Surprise!" Will says and Hannibal cannot help but laugh. "This is okay? I know you had other things planned."

Hannibal smiles and can feel his eyes filling with tears "yes, this is perfect."

"I didn't want to make you wait." Will says and squeezes Hannibal's hand.

"Thank you." Hannibal says and takes a deep breath to try and get a hold of himself.

The registrar smiles and takes a step forward "please everyone take a seat." She says and all the guests do. Hannibal is vaguely aware that Margot has taken a seat next to Alana but he cannot take his eyes from Will, they might as well be the only people in this garden. "My name is Freddie Lounds and I will be officiating on this beautiful afternoon. Now I know this has been sprung on our groom slightly but Will assured me you would be alright."

Hannibal nods a "yes" despite his heart beating almost out of his chest. He cannot quite catch a breath as the sweet scent of roses and Will fill his senses. He can feel the warm sunshine and Will's gaze on his skin like the softest caress. His mind is filled with every tender moment they have shared, every touch, every kiss, every dream and he feels overcome with emotion. He can feel the strength of their bond in his bones. He knows now that Will is his and he is Will's, nothing can ever change that. That wave of relief washes over him, a warm joy spreads through his body as he looks into Will's ocean blue eyes.

"Perfect." Freddie says and Hannibal cannot help but agree. "We shall begin. We are gathered here today in this beautiful garden surrounded by roses which I believe have a special significance for the couple." They both smile at that and Will can hear Bev giggle. "These two have chosen each other to be married. They are the rare wonder of a soul bond which makes this occasion even more special. I believe you have both written vows. Of course, Doctor Lecter, you may not have them?"

Hannibal smiles and manages to tear his eyes from Will to respond “I do not, but I do not need them.” The very sight of Will could not possibly fail to inspire. He is the very incarnation of a muse.

“Fabulous” Freddie says and looks to Will. “Well perhaps, Will, you should go first give the Doctor a chance to collect himself.” She says and they both nod. “Will, when you are ready.”

Hannibal turns to Will again as he begins to speak. “My love,” he says then briefly leans forward and whispers ‘daddy’ in Hannibal’s ear who smiles. Will speaks with a strong voice so everyone can hear him, he wants Hannibal to know he means every single word. “I am sorry to have sprung this on you but I never wanted you to wait for me again. I want you to know that I will always be here, I will always be waiting for you. I never expected you, I never expected to meet my soul bond. From the moment we met I knew we were destined to be, two halves of a whole.” Hannibal can feel tears coming down his face now. Will’s also has tears but his smile, so wide and bright, no trace of regret or worry, fills Hannibal with nothing but love. “I cannot wait to spend the rest of my life with you. I love you my alpha”

At his words the guests begin to clap and Hannibal squeezes Will’s hand again. The registrar allows the moment to settle before looking at Hannibal and nodding. “My beautiful omega.” Hannibal begins, his voice filled with love. “I am utterly unprepared for how stunning you look. I cannot believe you organised all of this. You always surprise me! I never expected you either but I am so happy and thankful that you came into my life. Despite my protests, I too knew from the moment we met that we would spend the rest of our lives together. There is nothing I would not do for you. I will spend the rest of our lives making you as happy as I can. I love my omega.”

The guests all clap again and there is not a dry eye among them. Even the registrar discreetly wipes away a tear. “Beautiful vows.” She says. “It is my honour to officiate this partnership. It is obvious to anyone that these two are meant to be together. Marriage should be entered into with open eyes and clear intentions. Can we have the rings?” She says and Margot stands holding the two gold bands both engraved with roses in her hand she holds them out, Hannibal takes the smaller of the two and places it on Will’s finger. Will does the same with Hannibal’s. Margot retakes her seat, wiping a tear from her eye. The registrar nods and then continues.

“The path these two are about to start will be taken together, always supporting, always loving, always understanding. Love can be beyond our control but marriage, the statement of intent, the devotion to the betterment of each other is not. Everyone here wishes these two the best on the journey, through bad and good times they will hold each other up to the light. They are now one, they share a rhythm of life and heart. I pronounce you Alpha and Omega, husband and husband. May your life together bring you happiness and love.”

Will practically jumps off the swing into Hannibal's arms who catches him with a laugh, their kiss is long and passionate as all the guests whoop and shout.

The reception takes place in the garden, vintage champagne and canapes are served while the opera singers regale the crowd with music. It is perfect and Hannibal does not let go of Will's hand the entire time. They chat to the guests and have some pictures taken but soon they are both impatient to leave. Will throws the bouquet he had left with Bev during the ceremony, Margot catches it and they all laugh. Alana blushes. Will whispers to Hannibal that they have a car waiting to take them home and he smiles and kisses his husband.

They arrive at the flat, hands entwined, smiles softly on their faces. Will feels like he cannot quite catch his breath, he feels nervous, he did not expect the swell of emotion that the wedding and anticipation of this moment would cause. Hannibal senses this and gently squeezes his hand as he leads him through to the lounge where the french doors to the balcony have been left open, on the table an ice bucket with a bottle of vintage champagne and two glasses awaits. The entire flat has been filled with peach roses and the air is laced with their scent. Will smiles and looks down feeling overwhelmed and suddenly unsure. Hannibal removes his jacket and cravat, then undoing the top button of his shirt.

Will stands on the balcony sipping champagne waiting for his husband. Hannibal appears and wraps his arms around Will from behind, the embrace is all the comfort and reassurance Will needs, as he gently begins to scent his neck. Hannibal too needs a moment to collect himself. They are finally here together, married, happy and about to bond for life. Such moments always need to breathe and be truly felt. Hannibal smiles into Will's neck as Will leans back and closes his eyes releasing that nervous breath he had been holding with relief.

"How do you feel?" Hannibal whispers softly "Husband."

Will laughs at being called that and reaches up with one hand to grasp gently at Hannibal's hair. "I feel…" he pauses unsure again "I feel a little nervous."

Hannibal kisses the curve of Will's neck and holds him a little tighter. "That is normal, we have been through so much my love and this is a great moment for both of us. There is no need to rush, we have all night."

Will turns his head and looks at Hannibal who pauses his exploration of Will's neck to return his gaze. "No. I want to do it now. We have waited so long I want to feel everything." Hannibal's eyes fill with tears at hearing such open words from Will. "My love, don't cry!"

Hannibal shakes his head and smiles “they are tears of joy, of love for you.”

Will’s eyes are brimming with tears now and they both laugh. Will finishes his glass of champagne, Hannibal takes it and places it back on the table. After a moment Will leans back in Hannibal’s embrace craning his neck so Hannibal can reach his scent gland which is already swollen and waiting. Hannibal takes a deep breath and he moves one of his hands to brush through Will’s curls, moving them aside so he has clear access to his skin. His other arm stays firmly wrapped around Will’s waist. Will holds the arm wrapped around his waist with his own and keeps the other in Hannibal’s hair. Hannibal noses and scents Will once more before he gently kisses the swollen mound of Will’s scent gland. He licks and then opens his mouth grazing his teeth against pale hot skin. He can feel Will shiver in anticipation and hear that wonderful whimper leave his lips.

The bite is slow and Will feels every inch of those fangs as they sink into him. It hurts at first, a searing bright pain that makes him close his eyes and wince. Hannibal holds there, teeth just piercing the membrane until Will relaxes a little. Small drops of blood run down his neck and soak into the white lace, flowering bright red dots. Hannibal can feel Will’s heartbeat beating in time with his own, the beginnings of the bond, tendrils of energy from both of them softly feeling out for each other, touching, a spark, a fire. Hannibal can feel the heat of Will’s blood as it fills his mouth like nectar and he swallows it like honey.

Hannibal sinks his teeth in further, fully biting Will now, endorphins kick in and spread through Will’s body like wildfire. Will moans then long and deep, Hannibal feels it in his bones it makes him bite and suck harder, as his own chemicals mix in his body making every part of him vibrate with need. They both knew it would feel good but neither knew it would feel like coming home, like being held by another part of yourself you never knew you were missing. It is love, a soul bond, a connection that will never be broken.

Will whimpers and the grip in Hannibal’s hair increases as Hannibal begins to suck at the bite, bruising the sensitive flesh. He tastes like nothing on this earth, truly heavenly, and Hannibal wants this moment to never end. Will can feel the hot swipe of Hannibal’s tongue and hard, sweet edge of his teeth as he sucks and tastes him. He feels like he would fall to the ground if it weren’t for Hannibal holding him up. Will can feel blood trickle hot and wet down his neck as Hannibal’s tongue chases any errant drop, as if letting any go to waste would be sacrilege.

Chapter End Notes

phew so they are married now! bonded too! all the smut next week. ALL.THE.SMUT.

comments are the roses on Will's swing and kudos is the ribbing on Hannibal's corset.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

It feels a little desperate now between them. Will, limp and soft in Hannibal's arms, cannot quite feel his legs anymore. Hannibal feels like every fibre of his being is reverberating with the force of their bond. He can feel Will within him, the connection instantly so strong. His body feels strong and powerful. He has never felt like an alpha before - not like this. It feels primordial. Hannibal licks the bonding mark, tasting Will's sweet blood once more. He can feel the heat of Will even through delicate fabric of the lace. A deep growl leaves his lips as he scents all of Will's neck, nosing every inch, every available expanse of warm pale flesh.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy this smut filled chapter you deserve it. After all its Monday and everybody hates Mondays xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It feels a little desperate now between them. Will, limp and soft in Hannibal's arms, cannot quite feel his legs anymore. Hannibal feels like every fibre of his being is reverberating with the force of their bond. He can feel Will within him, the connection instantly so strong. His body feels strong and powerful. He has never felt like an alpha before - not like this. It feels primordial. Hannibal licks the bonding mark, tasting Will's sweet blood once more. He can feel the heat of Will even through delicate fabric of the lace. A deep growl leaves his lips as he scents all of Will's neck, nosing every inch, every available expanse of warm pale flesh.

Will leans back so he is pressed closely against Hannibal, still on the balcony, he can feel his alpha's arousal and he groans. One of Hannibal's hands scrapes down the side of Will, feeling the heat of him, he slips under the fabric to reach skin, easily finding Will's slick hot waiting hole. He presses several fingers inside as he once again bites down on the omega's neck. Will leans back even more, "take me" he groans throwing his arm up around Hannibal's neck, feeling more steady now as the power of his alpha starts to course through his veins. Hannibal briefly removes the arm wrapped around his love so he can undo his trousers, pushing them and his underwear down to release his cock. He pushes the delicate fabric of Will's dress aside so he can line up his cock to Will's hole.

Will's eyes have rolled back in his head as the power of the bond hits him. Hannibal continues to hold him up, scenting him, growling into his neck. Will's eyes roll forward, his lips part and he moans "alpha". Hannibal pauses his scenting and looks at his omega, his lips even more

temptingly pink against his pale complection and he cannot resist taking them against his own. Will can taste his own blood on Hannibal's tongue it is still warm and sweet. He can feel the way Hannibal feels, the power of it between them and it revitalises him, his grip around Hannibal increases and he presses his body against him, lace catching against the clasps of the corset.

They are pressed together more closely than they have ever been before, it feels like a merging and the layers of clothes between them are too much. Will moans into Hannibal's mouth as the kiss increases in fervency, he bites and licks into Hannibal feeling that strength fill him. "Alpha" Will's voice a sharp whisper as he manages to break the kiss for a moment "Daddy, make me yours, take me.." Those words stoke the fire consuming Hannibal and he growls deeply once more. He wants to rip that delicate lace from Will's body and take him right here on the balcony. Hannibal thrust then and Will can feel every inch of Hannibal's cock as it slips easily inside. He snaps his hips hard and Will leans back seeking more, seeking everything.

"Mine, you are mine" Hannibal growls into Will's neck as he continues to fuck him. Hannibal brings a hand down Will's chest to the delicate v of the lace, there is a small spot of blood soaking in there and it makes him bite even harder. He brings both hands now to Will's chest his fingers gripping the soft fabric he pulls and tears the lace. Will can feel the strands ripping across his skin as Hannibal continues to fuck him, teeth sinking even further, he sucks up the nectar of Will's blood. The lace easily tears under Hannibal's strong hands, Will can hear it and feel it as all slips from his body and soon he is naked, erect, dripping and groaning, his wedding dress in tatters on the floor, he moans as he feels air against his skin. He feels exposed, anyone could look up and see him, watch him as he is being taken, wanton and naked in the fading light of Paris.

Will can feel the clasps of Hannibal's corset now scrape and press against his exposed back as Hannibal holds him tightly gripping him with one hand on his hip. Hannibal lifts his head up now, breaking the bite, he watches as blood drips down Will's pale chest, leaning down he kisses Will so he can taste his own blood from Hannibal's tongue. Will moans and laps up every drop offered to him. Hannibal continues to roll his hips fucking Will as deeply as he can, Will can feel the swollen pressure of Hannibal's burgeoning knot as it presses up against his sensitive entrance. Hannibal breaks the kiss and whispers hotly into Will's ear, biting at the shell, "come for your Alpha, my sweet omega, come for me."

Will's voice is a wracked shout, a broken call of arousal, loud enough for anyone to hear as he comes untouched, semen leaking freely from him in hot stripes of white liquid. Hannibal grins at the sight and fucks his boy even harder wrapping his hand around Will's cock stroking him just to see and feel him come once more. Will moans and leans back into Hannibal encouraging every thrust and stroke as his whole body feels on fire with arousal. He can feel the blood from the bite as it drips down his chest, mingling with his cum. "Alpha!" Will cries out in arousal verging on despair.

Hannibal looks at his debauched omega in his arms, pale skin now luminous in the early evening light, his hole so tight and hot around him, slick freely leaking from it, their bodies so closely pressed up against each other he is not sure where he begins and Will ends. Hannibal comes with a growl and almost presses his knot inside Will who is eager for it, leaning back and opening up, but Hannibal manages to stop himself. “Not yet ahhh!” Hannibal whispers into Will’s warm neck, blood now drying. Hannibal licks at the purpling bruise.

“Please Alpha, I need your knot, please!” Will begs and pushes back the muscles around the rim of his entrance fluttering, asking. Hannibal comes once more inside Will before slipping out of him. Will whines loudly at the loss, tears springing from his eyes.

“Shhh” Hannibal says stroking a hand down Will’s chest before getting to his knees stroking a hand down Will’s thigh and then along his ass before slowly pushing a finger inside him. Will looks down and meets Hannibal’s eyes which are filled with nothing but devotion as he slowly pushes two more fingers inside. “You are mine.” Hannibal says and as he fucks his fingers inside his boy who groans on unsteady legs pushing his ass back, presenting for his alpha who is on his knees beside him. “Everyone can see you, how beautiful you come, all for me, all for me.” Hannibal’s voice is filled with awe and it makes Will moan.

Will comes again at those words, grabbing onto the balcony railing to stop himself from falling at the force of his orgasm. Hannibal presses in and out, eyes not leaving his boy, the sight too beautiful. Will looks down at Hannibal, moving his hands so they are on his cheeks spreading them apart more. He puts his ass out even more to present fully. The curve of Will’s back, small indents from the corset still red on his flesh, make Hannibal growl once again as he pushes four fingers inside, Will easily takes them with an almost sucking force. Hannibal moves Will with gentle hands so he can press and lick all around the four fingers that are pressing inside his boy.

“Ugh, Daddy, yes, please, more!” Will moans and he pulls his cheeks even further apart for Hannibal, his cock hangs heavy and leaking between his legs. Hannibal can taste the heat of Will’s slick mixed with his own cum as it leak around his fingers, he does not want to waste a drop so he licks and sucks it all. Will grinds against Hannibal’s fingers and tongue, he removes his hands from his ass cheeks to grasp the railing once more, bending over to present even more. The movement pleases Hannibal who holds Will’s hip tightly as he pushes even further inside he hits the sweet spot inside Will pressing in with force as he laps up all the slick which hotly leaks from Will’s stretched and abused hole. “Yes, Alpha, fuck, please!” Will whines as he comes again, Hannibal’s hand reaches around from Will’s thigh and strokes Will’s cock milking him for more cum that Will didn’t even know he had.

Will is now whimpering, his legs trembling. Hannibal removes his fingers and stands up gathering Will in his arms and kissing him deeply. Will moans into the kiss as he presses his bare chest against Hannibal’s corset, feeling his alpha’s cock pressed hard up against his thigh. They part for a moment and Will is flushed and beautiful in Hannibal’s arms as he breathes out “Daddy”. The

sound of it makes Hannibal moan and kiss him again. Hannibal picks Will up easily as he wraps his legs around Hannibal's strong waist. Hannibal carries Will from the balcony into the bedroom.

Hannibal meets those blue eyes and feels a little of himself come back, he smiles and kisses Will soft and slow this time as he carries him. They both seem to realise that it feels different between them now, every soft touch, every slow moan, every catch of breath, both feel a soft caress reflected through skin, bone and sinew. Parting they have tears in their eyes again and Will laughs a small huff of amusement he feels overwhelmed and utterly grounded at the same time.

Hannibal gets to the bedroom and places Will gently down on the rose petal strewn bed. "I ruined your dress." He says, voice a lingering apology. Will places his hand over Hannibal's and clasps it.

"I would never wear it again, we are almost bonded now." Will stands and smiles he kisses Hannibal chastely, feeling those perfectly soft bow lips pressed against his.

"Almost?" Hannibal says with hesitation, his hand holding Will's.

Hannibal gasps as Will slowly gets to his knees he undoes the laces on Hannibal's shoes, he removes them one at a time and then slips his socks off. Hannibal laughs and strokes a hand through Will's hair. "I want to take care of you." Will says looking up at Hannibal. Then he feels fingers delving beneath his trousers and underwear pushing them completely off. Hannibal's cock is still hard, his knot now fully formed it pulses at the sight of Will on his knees.

"You do." Hannibal whispers as he cards a hand through Will's hair. Will presses a kiss to the slit of Hannibal's cock, parting his lips he takes Hannibal inside of his mouth and sucks. Hannibal's grasps at Will's hair and pushes completely inside. Will gags but breathes through the intrusion, hands reaching upwards to grasp his alpha's warm, firm thighs. Hannibal slowly rolls his hips as Will relaxes his jaw letting his alpha fuck into him. It does not take long before he comes and Will swallows every drop.

Hannibal cards a hand through Will's hair once more as Will moves back releasing Hannibal from his mouth. He looks up at Hannibal with round blue eyes and smiles "I want to bite you. Daddy will let me? I want to bite you and fuck you. So you know you are mine too."

Those words from Will almost make Hannibal fall to his knees, he smiles and encourages Will to stand up again which he does. Will's fingers run down the clasps of Hannibal's corset, testing the

tension. “Will you?” Will asks as he looks up at Hannibal pressing a palm to the centre of the corset.

Hannibal places a hand to the side of Will’s face and gently strokes a circle with his thumb. “Yes, anything for you, make me yours.”

Will hums his approval and begins to undo the clasps of the corset, Hannibal breathes a sigh of relief as it is removed. Will takes his time undoing it, he undoes the shirt buttons too finding damp chest hair and warm hard flesh. Moving his hands up Hannibal’s chest Will pushes the corset and shirt to the floor so Hannibal is completely naked before him. Will gently brushes his fingers over Hannibal’s collarbone and the start of his neck, watching and pressing as if trying to find the perfect spot. Hannibal smiles and lets him decide, he finally presses two firm fingers just below Hannibal’s collar bone on the left side he smiles and breathes “here.”

Hannibal nods as Will presses a chaste kiss to the spot. “Lie down.” Will says gently and then watches as Hannibal does as asked and lies on the bed. Hannibal can feel the soft velvet of rose petals as they stick to his damp skin. Will takes a moment to look at his alpha, strong lines, tanned skin, silvery chest hair, his cock straining and erect, knot fully formed. “Alpha.” Will gasps and then gets on to the bed, straddling Hannibal pressing his palms flat down on his chest. Hannibal looks up at Will so beautiful above him, the bite mark now a deep purple, dried blood still forms around it, stark and shining against his pale skin. He brings up his hand and runs a finger softly over the bite, pressing slightly causing Will to whimper.

Will uses one hand to stroke his cock again and with the other he reaches behind him and inserts own fingers inside his still very slick hole, just as before Hannibal groans when he sees that Will is going to use his own slick and cum as lube. It does not take long before Will has more than enough cum and slick on his fingers to press inside Hannibal’s hole, who lifts up his hips encouraging him. The first push inside is almost painful but Will wraps a hand around Hannibal’s cock and strokes a steady rhythm. Will presses two fingers inside and Hannibal groans as he is stretched. This time he can enjoy every sensation. This isn’t comfort, it’s need.

Once Hannibal is wide enough Will removes his fingers and his hand from Hannibal and leans forward, covering Hannibal’s body with his own. Lining up his cock, he strokes a hand down Hannibal’s face, kissing him chastely he whispers “are you ready for me Daddy?”

Hannibal moans and nods so Will pushes inside, thrusting, they both gasp at the wonderful sensation as Hannibal bends his knees and brings his legs up and around Will. “Yes, oh god my omega you feel so good inside Daddy!”

Will moans and thrusts harder “tell me how good it feels Daddy, tell me!” Will needs to hear he is making his love, his alpha, his Daddy feel good.

“Yes, oh my sweet boy, Daddy loves it when you fuck him, yes oh please, you feel so wonderful filling me up.” Hannibal moans as Will’s thrusts increase.

Will can see and feel Hannibal is close to coming so ducks his head and presses a kiss to where he plans to bite Hannibal, he licks the skin and Hannibal moans. “Bite Daddy, please oh oh please!” Hannibal pleads, he had never imagined this but this he needs Will’s mark on him now, he needs to know it will always be there.

Those words are all Will needs, so he sinks his teeth into Hannibal’s flesh, blood fills his mouth, hot and metallic. Will sucks hard and drinks as much as he can, feeling that powerful alpha blood mix with his own, everything in him throbs and aches with need. He fucks Hannibal even harder now who grips onto Will, a hand presses his head down encouraging the bite, “deeper, harder” Hannibal whimpers and Will moans pushing his small fangs as deep as they will go, blood trickles out his mouth and he laps at the errant drops.

Hannibal can feel his omega even more now, those sharp, sweet fangs biting into his flesh as his blood pools into Will’s mouth, Will’s cock hitting his prostate with even more force. When he comes he holds Will even tighter, arching his neck back he shouts out Will’s name like a prayer. Leaning back and breaking the bite Will thrusts and comes hard inside Hannibal, a long whimpering moan leaves his lips as Hannibal’s fingers find his mouth and smear cherry red blood on them. Will smiles and Hannibal brings him down to devour those blood covered lips with his own.

Will slips out of Hannibal, parting from him and changes position so he is on all fours his entrance facing Hannibal, still wide and dripping with slick. He looks back over his shoulder, pushing his ass up higher, “knot me now Daddy. Please.” Will moans and Hannibal’s hands stroke the soft curve of Will’s ass.

“Yes, look at you, so beautiful for me.” Hannibal places a kiss to Will’s hole, sucking and gently biting until Will is whining and pleading for him.

Hannibal moves so he is on his knees behind Will holding onto Will’s hips he lines his cock up to Will’s entrance. As he moves he can feel Will’s release drip from his own hole and he moans.

Before Will can beg again, Hannibal pushes his cock into Will's now very wet and open hole, unable to contain his need any longer. They both shout in relief as Will is finally filled and Hannibal can feel that hot tightness around his cock which he craves more than anything. He is soon thrusting hard and fast as he begins to give in to the wave of overwhelming arousal he has been feeling ever since he sunk his teeth into Will's neck. Will can feel it too, how much his body has needed this, how much every fibre of him has been screaming out for this. He can feel Hannibal's knot pressing up against the sensitive rim of his hole. He aches for his Alpha's knot.

Entering his boy Hannibal manages only a few hard thrusts before his knot finally pushes through that needy ring of muscle and settles perfectly inside. Hannibal cannot help but grab Will's shoulder and bring him so he is flush against his chest, a hand scrapes down Will's chest before grabbing his cock and stroking him so they come at the same time. Hannibal feeling his own release fill up Will as the omega's cum covers his hand. They both groan and Hannibal comes once more before they both fall back on the bed drifting off to sleep, bonded and joined.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for all you lovely comments! Hope you enjoyed this smut filled chapter! More actual plot next week!
comments are the rose petals that stick to Hannibal's back and kudos are the horny wails of arousal on the Paris breeze!

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

There is nothing but this room, moans, soft breathy whimpers, gentle kisses and touches between them. It is slow and less desperate than the bonding, now it feels as if they are truly one. Will can feel how Hannibal adores him, he can feel the constant wave of lust his alpha feels, he can feel the love a strong unending current surrounding him warm and comforting. Hannibal can feel Will's deep need, his certainty of love for him, that omegan bond which wants nothing more than to feel the pleasure he knows his alpha and only his alpha can give him. It truly feels as if they are the only creatures left in the world.

Hannibal comes with a long moan, his knot inflates and presses against those needy muscles. Instinct takes over between them, bodies pressed and opening up so easily, it feels almost overwhelming as Will sinks himself, a brief flash of wonderful pain, a tightness and pressure soon released to a satisfying completion. They are connected and Will falls forward, arms around his alpha as he kisses the mark he left. His mark. Their mark. Hannibal runs a warm almost burning hand down Will's back as he comes again filling his omega with his worship.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy this smut filled chapter! The last chapter in Paris before the meeting with Will's Father next week.

Happy Smut Mondays xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will is running a rose down Hannibal's chest while watching him sleep. It is early morning now, there is a slither of light coming through the curtains, and he can hear birds sweetly singing. Hannibal is still fast asleep, little huffs of breath are leaving his mouth and his eyes are moving behind his eyelids. Will smiles at the sight as he remembers all the many shared dreams they have had, he wonders what Hannibal is dreaming about without him. He thinks about all the times Hannibal has run a rose up and down Will's skin, the soft velvet tickle. There is so much between them now, the bond feels so strong, he can feel it even now when they are led together in bed.

He can feel Hannibal everywhere. Will realises that he doesn't want to be apart from his husband. He has been feeling it ever since Hannibal left for Paris and now it feels even stronger. He sighs and runs the flower up and down Hannibal's chest for a few more moments.

Carefully so as not to wake him, Will gets out of the bed and makes his way to the bathroom. He cleans himself up and uses the toilet, he grabs one of the robes hanging on the door and wraps himself up in it. Leaving the bathroom he checks on Hannibal who is still fast asleep. He makes his way out to the lounge where he can see the balcony doors are still open, he goes to close them and sees the tatters of his dress on the floor. Smiling he gathers them up before closing the doors and going to sit on one of the couches, placing the tatters of lace on the coffee table. He reaches for the phone on the side table and dials his Father's number, it's late in New Orleans but he is sure his Father will still be awake. He has always been a night owl.

"Will." The voice familiar as his own answers. "I was hoping you would call today." He smiles, happy that his Father remembered it was his wedding today. "Everything go alright?"

"Yes, perfect." Will says and closes his eyes remembering the sight of his husband walking towards him in the beautiful Parisien sunlight. "He was so surprised."

His father laughs "good, I am glad. So you are married and bonded now."

Will opens his eyes and touches the bonding mark on his neck "yes."

"I wish I could have been there." His Father says and Will winces slightly because if he is honest he was glad that he wasn't. He is not sure how his Father would react to the dress he wore.

"Me too." Will lies. "I understand why you couldn't."

"You will have to show me the pictures when you get them." He says and Will winces again eyes darting to what is left of his gown.

"Sure." Will says. "How are you?"

"You know me, same as ever." His Father says, always a man of few words. "You planning on visiting with this husband of yours soon."

“Of course, Hannibal is keen too.” Will says which is true, Hannibal had mentioned it several times before he left for Paris. Will is dreading it, so unsure how they will react to each other. “We are here for another week but then before term starts I thought we could come by.”

“Yeah.” His Father says, voice a little wary now that Will has agreed. “Sounds good I will make sure we get enough crawfish in.”

Will laughs as he imagines Hannibal eating them. “Perfect. I’ll call when we have a plan.”

“I am not busy so do what suits.” His Father says. “I look forward to seeing you.”

“Me too, me too.” Will says and he means it, he misses his Father.

“Will?” His Father’s voice unsure but serious it makes Will hold his breath for a moment.

“Yeah.” He says waiting for a question he hopes he can answer.

His Father takes what seems like a lifetime to respond but eventually just simply says, “you happy?”

Will smiles and laughs “yes, definitely yes.”

“Good.” His Father’s voice is filled with relief and Will can tell he believes him which he is thankful for. Maybe when he sees how happy his son is it will be easier to accept someone so different from him as his Husband. “Get back to your Husband then, call me in a few days.”

Will nods and runs a hand through his hair. “Thanks Dad, love you.”

“Love you too, son.” His Father says before hanging up.

Will puts the phone back and stands up making his way to the kitchen suddenly hungry. He opens the fridge and looks inside smiling as it is always filled to the brim with choices. "Hungry?" The voice from behind him says and Will can hear the smile. He closes the fridge and turns to see his alpha leaning against the doorframe, pyjama bottoms low slung on his hips, hair completely dishevelled. Will cannot help but smile.

"Always." He replies and Hannibal laughs. Will wonders if Hannibal heard any of the conversation he had with his Father.

"Let me make you something." Hannibal says walking into the kitchen he kisses Will briefly on the top of his head and opens the fridge. Will watches him as he takes various things out and begins to make them what looks like omelettes, he wanders over to the counter at the side and sits up on on it eating some grapes he stole from the fridge when Hannibal wasn't looking.

"I called my Dad." Will says and Hannibal does not miss a beat as he pours the whipped eggs from the jug into the hot pan. "I told him we would visit after we left here, I would call him with a plan."

Will watches as Hannibal deftly adds some cheese, ham and onions to the omelette and flips it with ease. "Then we shall make a plan." He says and Will smiles at how easy he makes all this sound.

They sit in the lounge eating, Will with his feet across Hannibal's lap. "You are nervous about me meeting your father." Hannibal says, he doesn't phrase it as a question.

"Yeah, you are very different." Will says, the understatement of the year.

"Perhaps." Hannibal says. "However we both care a great deal about you."

Will nods "yeah."

"If you are worried I will judge where you come from, I hope you know by now that I would never do that. I am proud of you and everything about you." Hannibal says his tone is light and it makes Will smile.

“I know. I guess maybe I am more worried about him judging you.” Will admits.

Hannibal nods and finishes his bite of omelette “I can take care of myself.”

Will laughs “I know.”

“Will.” Hannibal says suddenly serious he leans forward and takes Will’s plate as well as his own and puts them on the side table. He strokes a hand down Will’s ankle. “I meant what I said. You are my whole world.”

Will smiles and hums at the gentle touch on his ankle he moves so he sat on Hannibal, straddling him, robe parting invitingly. “Kiss me Daddy.” Will whispers as he puts his arms around Hannibal’s neck.

Hannibal brings a hand up to the back of Will’s neck and pulls him closer, their lips meet and the kiss is so soft and sweet. Hannibal pulls the tie around Will’s waist and so the robe opens. A hand is scraped, soft but insistent, down Will’s chest, so responsive to the touch Hannibal does it again. His other hand gently moves to the bonding mark, now purple but still a little warm to the touch he presses slightly and Will whimpers under the precious pain of it. Breaking the kiss Will leans back and allows Hannibal to brush his fingers down the column of his neck, pressing and touching the mark. It makes Will feel like he is too hot, shivering with heat under the gentle strokes. He closes his eyes and moans “alpha” in that way he has that makes Hannibal feel worshipped.

Hannibal wraps a hand around Will’s neck, grasping it and feeling the tendons beneath his fingers. Will can feel the power in that hand and it makes him moan, he opens his eyes and meets Hannibal’s gaze. The connection between them suddenly asserts itself and Will can feel his own neck under Hannibal’s grip, he can feel his own tendons against those fingers. He can feel the fingers too, he can feel both his skin and Hannibal’s skin as if they were all his own. Hannibal’s eyes make Will realise he can feel it too. He thinks it, ‘squeeze’, like a scent on a breeze. The thought is shared between them and Hannibal does, he squeezes his hand, the exquisite pain against the bonding mark and the loss of breath makes Will groan shuddering and fast.

Will shrugs the robe off his shoulders so he is naked in Hannibal’s lap, he opens his eyes and moves his hand to the bond mark on Hannibal’s collarbone where he presses down with a finger against the sore flesh. They both moan then and Will can feel every part of him vibrate with such a strong need, more than when he was in heat, he feels it with every part of him and he can feel that Hannibal does too. Will can feel Hannibal’s thought of ‘touch yourself’ like a hot whisper caressing him. He moves one of his hands to his cock, he grasps and begins to stroke himself. He can feel

how much Hannibal enjoys the sight now. They keep eye contact as Will brings himself to orgasm, Hannibal gently squeezing Will's neck.

When Will comes he throws his head back and Hannibal scrapes his hand down Will's neck, other hand gripping a hip. The orgasm flows through both of them and Will feels like he can't breath for a moment, before Hannibal gently strokes his back and brings him in for a soft kiss. Gentle touches and soft strokes make Will feel as if he has melted in Hannibal's lap he whimpers under the touch, his mind a blissful blank. Hannibal manages to shimmy out of the pyjama trousers he hastily put on when he woke up. He lifts Will up with strong but gentle hands and lowers him down on his cock. Will's hole is slicked and open for him, Hannibal moans as Will easily begins to fuck himself on Hannibal's cock with torturously slow rolls of his hips.

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Will wakes in their bed, Hannibal smiling down at him. He does not remember Hannibal carrying him but he feels the memory of strong hands and arms carrying him with ease. The scent of the roses next to the bed reach him and Will looks up and sees them, peach and pale pink, obscene folds pressed so closely together begging to be opened. "Alpha." Will whispers as Hannibal strokes a petal down his chest, he can feel the velvet softness against his skin and it makes him whimper with need.

"Omega." Hannibal responds in a deep rumble that makes Will bite his lower lip, gaze drawn back to his love as his hand reaches up to stroke those beautiful brown strands, the slight silver that shows in some light.

“Don’t leave me. Come back with me.” Will says as he finds the sharp beautiful line of cheekbones, softly scraping a thumb along the line so he can feel the smile as well as see it.

“Come back where?” Hannibal responds as if he does not know exactly what his love means, as if he has not been filled with an overwhelming sense of dread at the mere thought of being parted from this sweet nymph who has chosen to share his bed.

Will smiles and brings Hannibal down for a gentle, soft kiss. “Baltimore.” Will breathes into Hannibal’s mouth “come back with me, or I will stay here with you. I cannot be without you.”

Hannibal kisses Will, soft lingering presses of his mouth that soon turn to bites and whimpering moans of echoed need, of lust and of love. They eventually part and Hannibal strokes the rose petal along the blush of Will’s cheeks noting the similarity in colour “my sweet. We shall talk about it. Let me show you Paris, let me bring you pleasure in this bed and see you in this city. Then we shall talk.”

Will thinks about arguing but all thought leaves him when Hannibal covers his body with his own, taking the rose petal under his tongue he kisses and bites a trail down Will’s chest until he gets to Will’s cock. Will gasps as he sees the rose petal and feels its velvet caress on the tip of his leaking cock under the hot, wet weight of Hannibal’s tongue. “Daddy, alpha!” Will moans, the sight of his love so strong and beautiful between his legs never fails to make him gasp. Hannibal kisses with soft slow licks of his tongue the folds of Will, dipping inside his leaking hole, wet velvet touches his most intimate parts and he whimpers. Will thinks of the rose, all its folds and layers being opened up, Hannibal pressing and parting him with his tongue and deft fingers. It is the most delicious torture to be sucked, kissed and touched like this. Will could stay here forever with Hannibal worshipping him. He imagines being tied to the bed, naked and waiting for his alpha whenever he wants him. The wonderful pain of overstimulation as his alpha enters him over and over again.

Eventually he is swallowed whole by his alpha, with ease and with purpose, sucking gently, hands gripping his thighs hard enough to leave a mark. Will arches his neck back and grabs onto Hannibal’s hair for dear life as he feels the orgasm find its way through his body an electric current of pure bliss. He comes with the word alpha on his lips and sighs with need as Hannibal swallows every drop.

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They do eventually leave the bed and the apartment. Hannibal insists that he wants to show Will Paris, he had spent the weeks he was here alone imagining Will beside him as he walked these streets and he will not miss the opportunity to have the real thing. They walk through the sunshine, have coffee at Cafes sat out on the street. Hannibal takes Will to the best bookshop he knows, hidden away in the shadow of Notre Dame, dusty labyrinthine shelves filled with every possible book anyone could imagine. Hannibal cannot resist kissing Will against a stack in a corner and they both think of the library back at Baltimore.

Hannibal takes him to the Musee d'Orsay, he has special tickets that mean they don't queue. Nothing but the best for his boy. Will looks at all the wonderful paintings, the architecture and the sculptures. Hannibal looks at him, eyes wide with intelligence and inspiration and he thinks that Will has never looked more beautiful. They eat lunch, Hannibal laughs gently as Will burns his tongue on the onion soup, cheese stringing from his spoon. Will frowns but laughs too at Hannibal's apology, the worry in his voice that he may have upset Will. They end up kissing under one of the bridges of the River Seine and Hannibal forgets whatever it was he was worried about as he is pressed up against cold stone and devoured.

Will wears his bonding collar every day, Hannibal puts it on him and takes it off him at night. It has become a ritual now that almost always ends in Will coming at just the gentle pressure of Hannibal's fingers on his mark. Hannibal thinks he may not survive how sensitive and beautiful Will becomes under such simple touches. Will is becoming obsessed with the bite mark he left Hannibal and looks for it under the collar of Hannibal's shirts when they are out, the moment they come home he delves for it and whimpers with relief when he sees it is still there, running his fingers along the silvery scar.

Through his many contacts at the city and to vast expense, that if Will knew would make him pale, Hannibal manages to give them an evening alone on the Eiffel Tower. It is their last night here before they head back to the States. They go back together to New Orleans to see Will's Father before Will has to go back to University. Hannibal stands with Will wrapped in his arms, back pressed up against his front, as they stare out at the city lights of Paris. "How are you feeling?" Hannibal asks as he presses a kiss to the top of Will's head.

Will hums and presses further back in Hannibal's arms "happy."

Hannibal smiles "I meant about seeing your Father."

Will sighs and closes his eyes briefly before responding, he had been nervous about it but then he realised that Hannibal will be with him, his alpha, his husband and as long as he is there nothing could ever be that bad. "I feel that as long as you are with me, as long as we are together everything will be fine."

Hannibal smiles at that as Will looks up at him, bright eyes and pale flushed skin. “I could not agree more.”

Will looks back at the skyline “that’s why I want you to come back with me, to Baltimore.” They hadn’t talked about it since the evening Will first brought it up, it had been there though, unspoken and trailing behind them. “I need you to. You could speak to Bedelia. We are married now, that has to change things surely?”

Hannibal had been thinking the same, perhaps the board would be more accepting now they are bonded and secret was out anyway. Chilton had found out, so that meant the entire University and the city of Baltimore knew now. He worried for Will, people gossiping, he wanted to be there to protect him. “I have been thinking about it.” Hannibal admits and he can feel the grin on Will’s face and laughs. “I shall call her when we get to your Father’s.”

Will turns in Hannibal’s arms and smiles as he reaches up with both hands and runs his fingers along those beautiful cheekbones, before pressing a less than chaste devouring kiss on his alpha’s lips. When they part, breathless and close, Will is grinning ear to ear “alpha” Will whispers and Hannibal smiles.

Chapter End Notes

I keep thinking that I know how many chapters are left in this but then I write more! I think at least 2 are left but I am reluctant to put a number on it. Does it matter? I don't know! Maybe for those who are waiting for it to end before reading it... I guess what I am saying is that they may be waiting a while!

Comments are the way Will's eyes long for a glimpse of the Hannibal's bonding bite under his shirt and kudos is the careful but passionate touches Hannibal gives Will when putting on his bonding collar.

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

They do not speak a lot as they make their way through the airport and out, Will insisted they grab a cab as opposed to get a driver, because he did not want to draw attention to them when they arrived in his old neighbourhood. Hannibal does as Will wants and so they wait for a cab.

The journey from the airport to Will's Father's home, in one of the poorer areas of town, does not take long. Soon they are pulling up to the small green clapboard house where Will can see his Father is sat on the porch waiting. Hannibal squeezes Will's hand once more before paying the driver and getting the bags while Will goes to greet his Father. His Father looks old, older than his years, Will had said his health was not good and it is clear this is the case. He has tanned leathery skin, deep lines from working outside his whole life, his hands are calloused and his hair is greying silver. Will has his eyes though and Hannibal is taken aback at how similar they are. His voice has a thick drawl to it which sounds almost lyrical and Hannibal notices how Will soon begins to sound more like his Father.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It feels strange to be home, Will thinks as he sees the New Orleans skyline fast approaching. Even stranger to be here with Hannibal, who has not let go of his hand since they started the descent and landing into New Orleans. Will is nervous but he breathes through it and feels Hannibal's strength through their bond and is comforted by it.

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Will shows Hannibal around his old room and Hannibal smiles to see all the old posters, trophies and knick knacks still on display. There are many family photos of father and son on fishing trips and in the boatyards. None of Will's Mother though which Hannibal notes but does not comment on. They are staying in the old caravan out back which Will's Father has cleaned out and spruced up. He laughed and said two people would not fit in Will's old bed and a married couple need their privacy which had made Will blush profusely. Hannibal had thanked him for his kindness and Will had smiled at that.

Hannibal finds his way out to the back porch while Will fixes them snacks in the kitchen. Mr Graham is sat in his usual spot, an old rocking chair that creaks gently when he moves, with a cooler for his beers placed next to it. There is an old grill set up in the yard ready and a small table simply set for three. Hannibal takes a seat next to Mr Graham on one of the mismatched lawn chairs. "Thank you again for all the trouble you have gone to with the caravan." Hannibal says and Mr Graham looks at him with barely concealed suspicion.

"No problem, not for any son of mine." He says and then sips his beer looking back out onto the yard. Hannibal follows his gaze and allows the moment to settle. "Hope you like crawfish."

Hannibal nods "yes very much and Will has talked very highly of your abilities on the grill."

Mr Graham huffs "it's not rocket science."

"The ability to provide and cook for one's family is perhaps the most important skill of all." Hannibal says and he means it. He understands hardship, despite his outward appearance, he understands it better than most.

"You got a big family?" Mr Graham asks.

Hannibal shakes his head and sips the slightly warm beer. "Not any more, just Will."

Mr Graham waits a moment before asking "what happened to 'em? If ya don't mind me askin'?"

Hannibal sighs, closes his eyes for a moment as he allows the pain to rise to the surface for a moment before pushing it back down where it belongs. "I grew up in Lithuania, had a Mother, Father and a sister. We were happy, well off, aristocrats." He says and remembers the old family estate, now probably overgrown, the earth having reclaimed every stone, at least that is what he hopes. "Then there was war, poverty eventually reached everyone. My parents and my sister did not survive." Hannibal feels a shiver of that long, cold winter even in the New Orleans heat.

"Sorry to hear it." Mr Graham says and he sounds sincere, Hannibal smiles at the drawl.

"It is the past. I was in an orphanage for a time before my Aunt found me. We moved to Paris where she put me through school and eventually I came here to America." Hannibal smiles as he remembers his Aunt's always kind smile. "I worked my way up with her help and here I am."

"Huh." Mr Graham says and looks at Hannibal. "A self made man."

Hannibal smiles and meets those all too familiar eyes "if not for my Aunt it may have been very different but yes. My life was not always as it is now."

Mr Graham nods and seems to take that in. Silence once more settles between them with the sound of nearby traffic and cicadas filling the air. "I worry." Mr Graham says and Hannibal steels himself for the inevitable he knew was coming. "Soul bonds." He says with a trace of bitterness in his voice. "I had hoped Will would escape 'em."

Hannibal takes a moment to make sure he finds the right words that he does not allow any anger or judgement in his voice when he responds. "Your wife? Will's Mother and you were soul bonds too?"

Mr Graham takes a large sip of his beer and sighs "yup. Most amazing feelin' at first. Like finding the other half of yerself you had no idea you was missin'" He says and Hannibal can feel the memories conjured by these words hang heavy in the air.

"Will doesn't speak about her." Hannibal says softly.

Mr Graham shakes his head "he was young when she left, he don't remember. Probably for the best I always thought. Maybe I was wrong about that but it was hard, at the time, for me and I

wanted him to feel loved. He was, he is the most important thing in my life."

Hannibal takes in the gravity of those words, he feels them and understands them. "I can assure you he is for me also."

"I know you believe that, I know you feel it." Mr Graham says and he turns to look at Hannibal who meets his gaze. "I see it too. When you are together, clear as day. But it's like that at first, you get caught up, caught up in the feelin's, the rush. It feels like it ain't never gonna end. But it does, it has to. You settle, you become the, what do they say... the furniture of each other lives. Take it all for granted. Will, he has a future, he is smart, smarter than I ever was, that he gets from his Mother. I worry he is gonna get restless. He does, he gets restless just like her. He gets that from her too."

Hannibal knows that his Father worries that he is going to hold Will back, that he is going to stop him from living the life he always dreamed and he understands why but he also knows in the deepest part of him that will never happen. "I will follow Will wherever he chooses to go. To the ends of the earth and back."

Mr Graham smiles a pained smile "you don't get it." He says and leans forward "what if he don't want you to follow? What will you do then?"

Hannibal thinks of the dream he had before the wedding and sighs "I worried about that before. That he would think of me as a shackle and want to leave."

"That's when he surprised you." Mr Graham says and sits back in his chair. "He's impulsive just like her. I always tried to tell him, warn him, but he is so stubborn. That he gets from me."

"I understand why you are worried Mr Graham, I do." Hannibal says. "We moved fast, I moved fast but it was because I knew that it was right. In many ways we had no choice. We are meant to be and I would not have it any other way."

"You may as well call me Bill now we are family." Mr Graham says and Hannibal nods. "That's what it feels like, at first, like you are each others whole world and then you ain't. That's what worries me. He pursued you didn't he?"

"Yes." Hannibal says. "He did but…"

Mr Graham holds his hand up to stop him “impulsive. He knew better, I taught him better than that. He doesn’t listen.” They both hear a door being opened and turn to see Will holding a tray of snacks and another six pack of Dixie beer for the cooler. Hannibal knows instantly Will has heard the entire conversation, he gets up and takes the six pack kissing him on the cheek softly in comfort. “Ah Will, you joinin’ us at last.” Mr Graham says. “Here Hannibal gimme those beers let me put ‘em in the cooler. You want one son?”

Will smiles and nods as he places the snacks down on the small table next to the cooler. He takes a beer from his Dad and opens it, taking a large sip he sits down next to Hannibal who squeezes his hand tightly. Hannibal sends comfort and reassurance through the bond but all he can feel is rage and fear reflected back. “If we have some time before dinner perhaps Will could show me around? Show me where you grew up?” Hannibal says and Mr Graham nods.

“Yeah we got time I ain’t goin’ nowhere. You kids go on.” He says and Hannibal takes Will by the hand and leads him through the house and out the front.

***

Will does not speak until they have walked two blocks away from his house and are nearing the river. They are almost at the boatyard where he used to work. Hannibal stops hims gently and brings him into a hug “I knew he thought that.” Will says into Hannibal’s shirt, he can smell Hannibal’s sweat from the heat mixed in with that alpha smell and it comforts as well as arouses him. “That I was like her but I’ve never heard him say it.”

Hannibal strokes a hand down Will’s back feeling the warmth of him he kisses the top of his head. “She was passionate like you, impulsive is not bad my love, he loved her, she gave him you.”

Will looks up at Hannibal, his eyes are glassy and it makes Hannibal ache to see him in pain, he gently strokes a hand down Will’s face, wiping the tears away with his thumb. “It’s not true.” Will says, his voice strong despite the tears. “I won’t get restless. I won’t leave. You know that?”

Hannibal smiles and kisses Will softly before answering “I know.” There is a pause between them before Hannibal speaks “take me somewhere you used to go when you needed to be alone, take me somewhere you never told anyone about.”

Will instantly smiles as he knows exactly the place he grabs Hannibal's hand and begins to walk at a pace.

He takes Hannibal to the back of the boatyard, it is not open today as it is a Sunday, there is no one around and Will seems to know where the security cameras are as they take a circumspect path to where he wants to go. There is a large chain link fence that surrounds the yard, rusted and old, Will knows where there is a gap that you can lift up and crawl through. Will makes it easily but Hannibal has a little more trouble. Will laughs and helps him. He leads Hannibal to an old rusted shell of a fishing boat, paint chipping and the smell of decay is thick in the air. They go through what used to the hull, there is a small passageway with an old wooden ladder that leads up to the deck. They get there and Hannibal can see for miles. He can see the rest of the boatyard and the river as well out to the city. The way the bridge has rusted and the position the boat is in means they are hidden though. It is a little hideaway in the middle of a sea of rusted old boats.

They stand looking out at the view. "I used to come here to study, it was quiet and no one knew where it was."

"I can see why, the view is amazing." Hannibal says as he brings his arms around Will wrapping him against his chest. Will breathes in the scent of Hannibal and sighs with relief.

"You smell different here." Will says as he presses his nose against Hannibal's chest, the thin linen already a little damp with sweat.

"It's hot." Hannibal says with a smile.

"I like it." Will says and breathes it in again. "Do I smell different?"

Hannibal takes a deep breath of Will and shakes his head "no. You still smell like my Will."

"Kiss me Daddy." Will whispers as he looks up at Hannibal.

"Always." Hannibal says and kisses Will softly. Will soon opens up the kiss making it clear he needs something more, he needs to feel Hannibal against him, he needs to feel his alpha, that strength. He bites at Hannibal's lips, scrapes his tongue along those fangs and whimpers.

“Please.” Will whines as he presses even closer to Hannibal now who can feel Will’s arousal against his leg and can smell the slick that must be forming between his legs. “I need you. Fuck me.” Will whispers between kisses.

Hannibal would normally never take his boy in such a place but he can feel how much Will needs him, he can feel it through their bond and the desperate way he kisses. He reaches down between them and undoes Will’s jeans pushing them and his underwear down as Will quickly undoes the fly on Hannibal’s loose linen trousers. Will whines as Hannibal strokes a hand down Will’s ass and finds his dripping hole he presses two fingers inside and Will trembles. “Please Daddy!”

Will jumps up and is caught easily by Hannibal as he wraps his legs around him, they both shift until Hannibal enters Will pushing him against the back wall of the rusting bridge of the boat. Will bites at Hannibal’s neck and licks at the sweat as Hannibal thrusts hard inside Will. It is desperate and what Will needs, he just needs to feel the connection between them, that love and bond. He needs to know Hannibal does not think of him as the flighty omega his Father always thought he was. He pulls at Hannibal’s hair as he arches his neck back and moans. Hannibal bites at the bonding collar Will wears with his teeth, pulling it taught against the bright purple bonding mark.

Hannibal can feel his knot forming, pressing up against the needy muscles of Will’s entrance and he groans, he does not want to knot Will here. Hannibal is vaguely aware they need to get back. “Fuck!” Hannibal moans and Will smiles and angles his hips so part of Hannibal’s knot slips inside. Will wants that knot, he always does even though he knows this is not the time or place.

“Please Daddy!” Will whimpers as he bites at Hannibal’s neck and pulls his hair. “Let me have it.”

Hannibal moans kisses his boy “not here, fuck, we can’t.”

Will whines and forces himself further down onto Hannibal by tightening his legs and Hannibal grunts relenting he pushes his knot inside. The moment he does Will comes hard and with a loud shout of ‘Daddy!’ Hannibal comes and presses Will up against the wall as he kisses and bites at his neck.

“Incorrigible boy.” Hannibal says with a smile.

Will whines “you like me that way.”

Hannibal looks up at Will, sweat on his brow, tears of sadness now changed to a bright eyed look of joy, his skin flushed with exertion. “I love you that way.”

***

By the time they get back to Will’s father’s house it is starting to get dark, they can smell that Mr Graham has started the grill up. Hannibal excuses himself to the bathroom to get cleaned up and change his trousers as there is a very obvious looking stain on them. Will had laughed and got him some trousers from the bag and then gone out to see his father. He felt better now, less angry more on solid ground. He knew Hannibal loved him that was never going to change and he loved everything about Will as he did Hannibal.

“Sorry we got waylaid.” Will says as he goes to his father. “Smells good.”

“Oh no problem. You showed him the old boat where you use to hide?” His Father says with a smile.

Will laughs “you knew about that?”

Mr Graham takes a sip of his beer and points for Will to grab one for himself which he does before coming back to join his father. “‘Course, I always knew where you were.”

Will smiles and nods. “There was me thinkin’ I was so smart.”

His Father laughs and then looks at Will his eyes wander to the collar. “You chose to wear one eh?” He says and points vaguely to the leather bonding collar.

Will takes a deep breath and tries not to get defensive. “Yeah, Hannibal gave it to me but I chose to wear it Dad.”

His Father holds up his hands, beer bottle and bbq tongs in each, “didn’t mean nothin’ by it son.”

Will frowns “you did.”

His Father laughs “now who is the smart one. I was just surprised is all. Didn’t think you kids were into that anymore.”

“You mean you think Hannibal is traditional.” Will says and sips his beer.

“Isn’t he?” Will’s Father says as he turns some of crawfish. The smell of it makes Will smile, he is truly home when his Father is at the grill.

“In some ways.” Will says. “It was my choice and I don’t have to wear it I just like to.”

“Rings too.” His Father says with a smile and Will rolls his eyes.

“Yes rings too!” He laughs. “Listen Dad. I heard you before talking to Hannibal about Mum.”

His Father huffs “you not suppose’ to eavesdrop.”

“I know and I am sorry. I know you think I am some flighty omega.” Will’s Father stops looking at the grill then and turns to Will.

“That is not what I think.” He says and Will sighs.

“Dad, it is.” Will says in a quiet voice as he looks back at the crawfish.

“I just don’t want you to get hurt like I did. Like she did.” He says and Will looks confused.

“Like she did?” Will asks looking at his Father now. “She was the one who left.” Will says and drinks his beer, they never talk about this and he cannot quite believe they are right now.

“She left ‘cos she weren’t happy, she felt trapped. She left ‘cos I expected too much. It was my fault Will.”

Will is so taken aback he cannot quite catch his breath “Dad” he says and puts a hand on his shoulder, “I never thought that. You did your best. She left, that was her choice.”

Will’s father waves his beer bottle in dismissal “well whatever the reason it don’t matter now. I am sorry if I upset you. That was not my meaning.” That was the closest to an apology Will had ever heard from his Father. “I like him.”

Will smiles “good.”

“You are happy which is all I ever wanted for you Will.” His Father says and turns his attention to the grill.

“I know.” Will says, a feeling of contentment beginning to wash over him as the sun goes down.

Chapter End Notes

i am trying to finish this but part of me just wants to keep on writing it until they are in old age!

Comments are the wonderfully comforting sound of Will's Fathers rocking chair and kudos is the steam from the crawfish.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Will whispers as he continues to stroke Hannibal. “You would do anything for me.”

Hannibal moans “yes, yes I would.”

Will squeezes Hannibal’s cock causing a whimper to leave Hannibal’s lips. “Then do this for me Daddy, my alpha. Stay with me. Buy me lace to rip it from me. Buy me roses to run over my body, push petals inside my dripping aching hole. Fuck me over and over until I can’t think straight. Claim me over and over. Please.”

Chapter Notes

Well lovely readers this is the final chapter in this part. I have way more planned but know I will not be able to keep up with the Monday schedule so I am ending it here for now.
Thank you for all your lovely comments and support on this fluffy smutty fic.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It is late when they finally get to bed, Will’s Father having kept them all up with stories of Will as a child. They all had too much Dixie Beer, Hannibal seemingly most of all. Staggering to the caravan Hannibal had collapsed onto the bed bringing Will down with him then he had started what can only be described as giggling. The sound of it had made Will laugh so hard he almost fell off the bed and then there had been hysterics. Now they were both led on the bed trying to catch their breath.

“Do you need some water?” Will asks as he finally manages to calm down.

Hannibal shakes his head “no, I just need you.”

Will smiles and kisses his husband. “I think you are too drunk.”

“No, no I am not.” Hannibal says with a growl.

Will gets off the bed, swaying slightly, “good as I have a surprise for you.”

Hannibal smiles and looks at his boy “do you?”

Will begins to undo his shirt slowly to reveal a white lace top with silk covered buttons “I was supposed to wear it on our wedding night but we didn’t stay clothed for long so I saved it.”

Hannibal smiles, wolfish, his cheeks are still flushed from the beer and the promise of what Will is going to look like once he takes those jeans off. Will pushes the shirt down to the ground and then turns around, he looks over his shoulder at Hannibal whose eyes have not left him. Smiling he undoes his jeans and pushes them down over his ass before letting them fall he steps out of them to reveal the full lingerie. “Daddy like?”

“Oh yes, turn around for me.” Hannibal says sitting up as he watches Will slowly turn, pushing a hand through his hair and biting his lower lip in the very definition of coy.

“Come back down here.”

Hannibal says and Will slowly gets on the bed kissing Hannibal deeply, he can feel his legs trembling at the force of the emotions between them once again swelling. “I want to peel you out of that lace, layer by layer.” Hannibal’s voice is hot against Will’s lips and he moans. Hannibal’s hands are suddenly everywhere, stroking softly down Will’s back and around his waist. Deft fingers find the silk covered buttons at the back of the lace top, each one undone and Will can feel his skin being revealed to the air as Hannibal’s hands brush against him. The lace is loosened and slips forward, hands deftly remove it from his arms and it slowly flitters to the floor.

Hannibal’s hand strokes over the sheer skin tight cami top Will has underneath, his hands skim over the pert nipples pressing against the fabric and Will whimpers at the touch. Hannibal runs his hands over the lace garter on Will’s thigh, sheer white fabric panties trimmed with lace arch high up over Will’s hips covering his straining beautiful cock. The sight of Will just in lingerie makes Hannibal feel a little weak in the knees, his hands stroke every inch of fabric as he watches the effect this has on his omega, cock leaking and flinching as slick begins to form.

Will kisses Hannibal, licking and biting into his mouth. Will can feel the strength of his alpha against him and it makes him whimper with need. Hannibal parts from Will and gently encourages him to sit up so he can look at him. Will, knowing how his alpha likes to watch him, complies slowly taking his time, every movement seen and appreciated by Hannibal.

Looking up at his boy, Hannibal admires the sight above him. Will in white lingerie, cheeks flushed, bonding bite and collar on his neck, hair a little damp now his skin covered in a sheen of sweat, he looks more and more like a debauched angel and it takes Hannibal's breath away. Will looks down at his alpha, flushed from the beer and excitement of having Will like this and he smiles. He wants to see Hannibal remove every layer, he longs to feel that strong body against his own.

Will begins to undo the buttons of Hannibal's shirt, needing to feel that skin hot and damp against his own. Together they make short work of the rest of Hannibal's clothes so he is naked beneath Will, hands grabbing his thighs. Before he knows what is happening Hannibal flips them so Will is beneath him, the act of being manhandled and then covered with Hannibal's body makes Will whimper. He takes Will's arms gently and raises them above Will's head holding the wrists together with one hand, he then scents Will's bonding mark. Will's hands grip onto the head of the bed as Hannibal makes his way lower, kissing the straps of the cami top. Hannibal lets go of Will's hands now that he is gripping the bed, both understanding he is not to move them until Hannibal tells him. Will moans as he feels every soft brush of lips, teeth and hands on his body. Hannibal bites each nipple through the soft fabric, sucking and leaving a damp patch soaking into the lace. Hands make their way underneath the cami top and scrape up Will's sides, pushing the sheer fabric up and eventually off and over Will's head, he lets go of the bed for a moment so the top can be thrown to the side of the bed.

Hannibal runs his hands over Will's chest, hands catching on the lace, he presses down on Will's nipples feeling the nub against his finger. This slow torture makes Will whimper and moan, his cock is now leaking precum as slick pools between his legs, hot and wet he writhes beneath Hannibal. "Please!" Will whines and Hannibal kisses a trail down Will's chest, licking and biting as he goes.

"Shhh, Daddy is going to make you feel so good." Hannibal whispers into Will's chest. "Hold on for me."

Will grips the metal of the bed with all his might, it takes every ounce of self control he has to not move his hands. He watches as Hannibal makes a torturously slow descent eventually reaching the top of the high arched underwear he has on. Will groans with arousal as Hannibal kisses and sucks at Will's cock through the lace which is now sodden and almost uncomfortably damp. "Daddy, please" Will whines and he spreads his legs giving Hannibal more room. Hannibal grips Will's thighs and then kisses the crotch of the underwear, he can feel the heat of pre cum and slick as it

pools against the fabric, dripping out the side. He licks up every drop of sweat, slick and precum with relish as he sucks and kisses the now completely sodden fabric.

As Will writhes and moans Hannibal continues to torture his boy, eventually he slides the underwear off scraping Will's thighs as he does. Will moves his legs to assist the removal, Hannibal brings the sodden underwear up to his nose and inhales the damp scent. Will whines and breathes out a wanton "Daddy". Hannibal throws the underwear to the floor and once more covers Will's body with his own. "Please take me, please!" Will's voice is an aroused desperate whisper now and it makes Hannibal growl again as he licks and kisses that wonderful bonding bruise, sucking at the sore, sensitive flesh. He enters his boy in a slow languorous thrust that has them both moaning.

Feeling his knot swelling now Hannibal slowly presses it against Will and meets Will's eyes as he nods a command for Will to let go of the bed. Will's hands fly to Hannibal's sides and back scraping up and down the hot skin. He moans and wraps his legs around Hannibal who thrusts up inside him, knot pushing past the rim of muscle almost painfully euphoric Will shouts as he feels complete. Will comes loudly, hot liquid spurting from him landing on his own chest as Hannibal's.

Hannibal flips them again so Will is straddling him "take what you need from me omega."

Will cannot help but groan at those words, he presses his hands flat against the damp hair of Hannibal's bare chest. He rolls his hips feeling the knot swell and move inside him, he groans and Hannibal can feel Will squeezing the muscles of his hole milking Hannibal so that he comes gripping hard onto Will's hips. Hannibal scrapes a hand up Will's chest "my beautiful omega" he gasps as he comes again. Will continues to squeeze and roll his hips until they are both gasping and trembling as orgasm after orgasm hits them. They both lose count of how many times they come before Will, whimpering and passing out, collapses on Hannibal's chest as Hannibal strokes a hand down his back whispering sweet nothings into his ear.

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The morning light spills in through the thin curtains and Hannibal can feel his headache already. He groans and then he hears Will softly laugh and feels the weight of his leg over his, the warmth of his cheek on his chest and suddenly nothing feels that bad. "Morning." Will says as he kisses Hannibal's skin. "How's the head?"

Hannibal laughs and strokes a hand down Will's back and kisses the top of his head. "Not too bad."

"Should probably take it a bit easier today." Will says looking up at Hannibal with a smile.

"Yes." Hannibal says and smiles.

Will shifts so he can rest his head on his hand, elbow bent he looks at Hannibal. "Can we talk about Baltimore?"

Hannibal nods "yes, if you like." It has felt as if this conversation has been perched on Will's tongue ever since they got here.

"I do not want to be without you." Will says his voice is quiet but strong. "I am not sure I can."

"I fear sometimes we rushed into this you and I." Hannibal admits and Will frowns. "I do not regret it my love, I just wish you could have everything you wanted and we could be together."

"Perhaps we can." Will says his voice soft. "You could speak to Bedelia."

Hannibal strokes his hand down Will's back "I could."

Will leans forward and kisses Hannibal gently lips pressed together. "We are married now that must make a difference. We could promise to behave."

Hannibal laughs and runs his hand through Will's hair "no more trysts in my office."

Will frowns "it would be a hard price to pay but we could try."

“What about Paris?” Hannibal says he thinks of all the people he would be letting down. “I have made commitments.”

“You made a commitment to me.” Will says and kisses the curve of Hannibal’s shoulder before looking up at him. “Do you not remember. We were in a garden filled with roses, you wore a corset and I was in lace. Your skin looked luminous in the sunlight and I wanted to kiss you more than I have ever wanted to kiss anyone.” Hannibal hums his approval as Will licks the bonding mark he left. “Afterwards you tore the lace from my skin like it was paper just like you did last night. You fucked me on the balcony. Do you remember?” Hannibal moans as Will’s hands wander lower, cupping his balls and his ever increasingly interested cock. “I felt every inch of you inside me and I never wanted it to end. If I could I would tie myself to your bed ready and open for you.”

“What an image you paint.” Hannibal whispers as he kisses Will. “I do remember. I could never forget how beautiful you looked, more beautiful than the roses which surrounded you.” Will strokes Hannibal’s cock, pushing the foreskin back and making him whimper. “I would buy you the most expensive lace in the world over and over again just to tear it from you.”

“I know you would Daddy.” Will whispers as he continues to stroke Hannibal. “You would do anything for me.”

Hannibal moans “yes, yes I would.”

Will squeezes Hannibal’s cock causing a whimper to leave Hannibal’s lips. “Then do this for me Daddy, my alpha. Stay with me. Buy me lace to rip it from me. Buy me roses to run over my body, push petals inside my dripping aching hole. Fuck me over and over until I can’t think straight. Claim me over and over. Please.”

Hannibal can feel his knot forming as Will moves so he is straddling him, bed sheets fall from his back, both hands grip Hannibal’s cock now. Sliding up and down. “Will.” Hannibal whimpers as he looks up at his boy, hands grip his hips.

“Tell me, tell me you love me.” Will’s voice demanding. “Tell me you will do anything for me Daddy. I would do anything for you.”

“I love you, my sweet boy I love you.” Hannibal is close now and wants Will to take him inside so he can feel that hot tightness. “Please, please!”

“Promise me before I fuck you, Daddy, promise me the world.” Will lifts his hips up and lowers himself so that the tip of Hannibal’s cock is touching the muscles of his entrance. Slick leaks down and covers Hannibal’s cock, hot and thick, he whimpers.

“I would give you everything, my love, my omega, everything.” Hannibal moans and Will slowly lowers himself down taking all of Hannibal inside him. He moves his hips slowly as he tilts his head back fucking himself. “Touch yourself, please!” Hannibal moans and Will does as asked. He looks at Hannibal as he does so, thrusting his hips and biting his lower lip. Hannibal comes at the sight of such a debauched angel, blushing cheeks, pale skin and dark curls bouncing. When Will comes he moans loudly and almost falls but Hannibal catches him. They lie together in breathless silence as Will takes Hannibal’s knot. Hannibal comes over and over until they both fall asleep tangled around each other.

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“How was New Orleans?” Bedelia asks as she sips red wine. They are at her house this time. Hannibal not quite ready to deal with the faculty bar just yet. Will is at home preparing for his first day back tomorrow. Hannibal had left him sprawled on the couch reading and making notes.

“It was good.” Hannibal says, he can still feel the heat of the days and smell the sex of caravan. Memories he will not soon forget. “Will’s father is still not well. It was important we made peace, that he met me.”

“I have no doubt you charmed him.” Bedelia says with a smile. “You always do.”

He smiles and hopes this is true and that he can charm her. “I imagine you know what I am here to talk to you about.”

She places her glass down and looks up at him. “I had hoped.”

He smiles at that “a good sign.”

“Hannibal I would happily welcome you back you know that.” She says but the pause she leaves before continuing makes Hannibal feel uneasy. He had promised Will he would stay, he had hoped to make himself useful while he was here. “I am afraid it is not as easy as me saying yes.”

“The board.” Hannibal says.

“I can put it to them.” Bedelia says. “I know we have some votes in your favour but also some perhaps that need convincing.”

Hannibal picks up his wine glass. “Chilton.”

“For one yes.” Bedelia agrees. “He has wanted your job for a while but perhaps we can bribe him with something else. However he is not the only one you may have to convince.”

Hannibal had thought as much and part of him wishes he could just tell them all to go to hell but Will had wanted him to be happy. “Gideon I imagine is unimpressed with my choice of omega.”

“An eyebrow was perhaps raised.” Bedelia says evenly.

Hannibal smiles “I can imagine. Professor Prurnell?”

“A swing vote. I think is in need of some reassurance. Some ground rules perhaps.” Bedelia says and Hannibal nods.

“That is understandable and acceptable.” Hannibal had expected that. “I am more than happy to agree to anything which would make the board more comfortable.”

Bedelia nods and smiles “I think we will be able to come to an arrangement.” She reaches to the Decanter and pours Hannibal another glass before he has time to object. “Now what are we going to do about Jack.”

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One Year Later

Hannibal is in the lounge reading while he waits for Will to return, he is nursing a glass of red as the fire crackles comfortingly. The house always feels empty when Will is not here and he eagerly awaits the arrival home of his omega. Hannibal had gone back to teaching but not Will's class and had concentrated more on research he had even started taking on patients which he found he enjoyed. Today had been Will's first day at the FBI academy he had graduated early as predicted and been accepted under very special circumstances into the programme. This had taken months of negotiations all of which had put a strain on their relationship but they had come through it all together. Will's father's health had been getting worse too and that had added a stress to things. Hannibal had organised a live in nurse but this was a temporary solution and they both knew it. Broaching the subject with Will was getting trickier however. Today was not the day for this conversation, today was all about Will and his first day.

He hears the door and smiles, placing a marker in the book he puts in on the side table next to the wine glass. Waiting he hears Will make his way through the house, usually he would stop in the kitchen for a snack but he doesn't he makes his way to Hannibal in the lounge. Will appears he looks a little pallid but he has a smile on his face as sits down next to Hannibal. They kiss and Hannibal holds him close scenting him just as he always does when they have been apart. "Are you alright my love?" Hannibal asks as Will leans back on the sofa putting his feet in Hannibal's lap.

"Yeah just really tired." Will says and rubs his eyes. Hannibal removes Will's shoes and socks and begins to rub and massage his feet this produces a grateful moan from Will. "I guess all that nervous energy from this morning got to me."

Hannibal smiles and continues his massage. "Understandable my love." He says and brings one of Will's feet up to his mouth to kiss the arch as he does he can smell Will's scent strongly and he stops because it has changed. Hannibal scents all of Will's foot and ankle just to be sure before placing it down on his lap and looking at Will who meets his gaze. "I think perhaps it is something else. Did you miss a blocker this month?"

Will rolls his eyes and then thinks. "It has been a busy month, maybe. You aren't saying I am…"

Hannibal smiles because he is fairly certain he is. "I believe it would be worth a test."

“Shit.” Will says as he looks at Hannibal’s grin. “Shit.”

Chapter End Notes

I know I said I wouldn't but I have! You all wore me down!!! Mpreg line crossed. It was just going that way wasn't it!
I have a plan for a third part. Once I get a break from uni I will be able to write it. I also have prompts I need to get written. For now this is it but watch this space for more.

Comments are Hannibal's giggles and kudos are the arches of Will's feet.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!